Week ending October 11, 1947 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

THERE'S A RED IN EVERY U.S. CUPBOARD
by Edmund Antrobus
page 5

★

MY CHURCH IS A HAVEN FOR THE DIVORCEE
by The Rev. A. Micklewright
page 11

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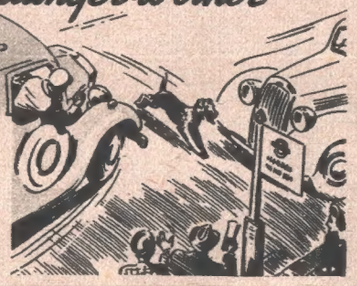

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OCTOBER 11, 1947 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 2154

Free the Footpaths Now

THE GOVERNMENT HAS A CHANCE to cheer a lot of people up—and should not miss it.

All that is needed is two or three days of Parliamentary time this winter to pass an Act carrying out the proposals of the Committee which has recently published its report on footpaths and access to the countryside.

The committee wants to sweep away the meaningless "Trespasser" signs with which selfish landowners try to frighten people; to make a great network of marked paths for ramblers all over the country; and to open the long-needed Pennine Way as well as other long-distance walks in the south.

It also proposes to throw open all uncultivated land, such as mountains, moors and shores, for the enjoyment of the people.

These are good ideas, and their fulfilment is long overdue. Moreover, they are ideas which will not cost our hard-pressed country much money or labour.

Yet it is not at present intended to legislate for the freeing of our footpaths and moors during the next session of Parliament. Which means that nothing can be done about it until 1949. How foolish!

Next year, with "pleasure" petrol probably still off the ration, no holidays abroad, and very little organized fun of any kind, is surely the very time when millions more will turn to our own lovely countryside for recreation.

All the obsolete restrictions on enjoyment allowable under the present laws should be removed in time for the holidays of 1948.

Lewis Silkin, the Minister of Town and Country Planning, ought to press this point untiringly on his colleagues in the Government. They will be guilty of a great lack of imagination if they fail to put through quickly a Freedom of the Countryside Bill to help compensate for the other restrictions we must endure.

Fair Play for the Players

BIG FOOTBALL IS BIG BUSINESS, too, nowadays. That is inevitable.

What is perhaps not so inevitable is that the men who play the game before a million spectators every Saturday should receive so small a share of the money earned by their skill.

The players want more. That is why Sunday's meeting between their Union, the League and the Football Association is important to everyone who takes a real interest in Soccer.

This time the players' main grumbles are not over wages but about transfers and long-service benefits. They want to know why the clubs should make such big profits out of transfer fees. A player bought for £5,000 and resold for £10,000 naturally feels a grievance.

Yet if players were given substantial shares of their own transfer fees, some of them would be forever on the move. Loyalty and sportsmanship would suffer. So this is not necessarily the solution.

Besides, big transfer fees are not wholly a bad thing. To small, struggling clubs, they sometimes make all the difference between carrying on and going under. It is a rough and ready way of distributing the prosperity of the wealthier clubs.

The F.A. may justifiably decide not to tamper with the transfer system. But payments of benefits to players who have given long service might well be increased. Anything which promotes loyalty and regular comradeship is good for the game.

The ideal footballer is surely one who plays for his home-town club; the next best is one who joins a club and sticks to it. Such faithful service should certainly be rewarded towards the end of a player's career. We have seen too many great footballers drop out of the game into poverty and failure, unaided by the clubs they served so well.

American Labour and Us

THIS WEEK'S CONFERENCE of the American Federation of Labour in California, attended by Britain's Arthur Deakin, may have important effects on Anglo-U.S. friendship and co-operation.

As one of America's two principal Labour organizations, the Federation is now under ruthless fire from Big Business, and suffers from the anti-Labour laws recently forced past the Presidential veto by a reactionary Congress.

Yet it remains tremendously powerful, and the opinions of its members are likely to exert considerable weight as next year's Presidential election approaches.

What Arthur Deakin tells his American hosts about Britain's economic problems will, therefore, probably influence future American policy towards this country.

But it is important to remember that, although British and American trade unionists are each trying to improve their share of the rewards of industry, they have little in common politically.

American trade unionists are not necessarily Left Wingers, and they are certainly not supporters of a political Socialist Party—because there is no effective Socialist Party in the United States.

So it is no use expecting American Labour to show especial sympathy for the British Labour Government in its efforts to preserve our people's standard of living. What American trade unionists will want to hear about us is that we are working hard—at least as hard as they are prepared to work themselves. We can interest them in our efforts: we must keep our ideology for home consumption.

Don't Burn It: Save It

NOW THAT WE ARE well into the autumn and already beginning to think of winter, coal again becomes the king-pin of our comfort and work.

Whatever efforts are made by the miners in the coming months it is clear that there will not be quite enough coal to meet every demand and to hold entirely adequate reserves against another weather crisis.

Admittedly, we start with bigger fuel stocks than a year ago, but these stocks will have to do more work. We just cannot afford to stop, or even slow down, the big export drive for even a minute. It must go on accelerating during the coming difficult months.

For that reason, if for no other, there must be no complacency—either in Government departments, in workshops or in homes. More than ever before we must save coal, gas, electricity—fuel of every kind.

Wastage of even one unit of electricity is now a social crime.

There's no harm in asking!
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THE lovely film stars of Hollywood and England faithfully follow this new Lux Toilet Soap massage technique. They say that the very first treatment makes your skin feel softer, smoother. First smooth the beautifying Lux Toilet Soap lather over your face and neck. Massage gently, working the creamy lather in. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, then pat gently with towel to dry.

Get a tablet of Lux Toilet Soap as soon as you can and start the massage technique that film stars recommend. After a fortnight, just see how smooth and bright your skin is — how free from blemishes!

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Well, of course that depends on how old you are now. If you are 20 years old, you'll sleep 16 years, 8 months, 3 days, and 8 hours! If you are 45, you still have 8 years, 4 months, 1 day, and 16 hours to sleep, for we spend one-third of our lives in bed.

Actually, far more important than how *long* you sleep is how *deeply*. This has been proved time and again by those who drink Horlicks at bedtime. Horlicks does more than soothe and comfort the tired system—it promotes the deep unbroken sleep that brings renewed vitality next day. . . . Horlicks remains in short supply.

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BEGIN FIGHT ON MOVIE REDS

GOVERNORS GET 'INSIDE STORY' ON RED MENACE

140 ON SPY LINK

Reds' Widespread Activity Bared

Marshall Picture Bewilders Them

In America anti-Communism has become a witchhunt that tracks down innocent as well as guilty. If you're not a reactionary, you're—a plotting desperado

Ginger Rogers and mother. Film line Ginger stalled at: "Share and share alike — that's democracy." Mother's view: "That's Communism"!

There's a RED in every U.S. cupboard!

by EDMUND ANTROBUS

NEW YORK

EVER SINCE the birth of the Republic, Americans—anything but a calm and reflective people—have always been ready to see a bogey under the bed.

In 1798 he was a Jacobin. In the period after the first World War he was a Bolshevik with a bomb in his hand and a face full of whiskers. Today, two years after the second World War, he is a Communist, less obtuse than the Bolshevik, a slight scholarly fellow who steals atom bomb secrets, undermines the American capitalist system and is sufficiently sly and devilish to elude detection by professing he is a "New Dealer," a "Progressive," or a "Liberal."

Today, the way in which Congress cries "Communist" at every progressive opponent or cause has in it the nucleus of a first-class Red scare.

Representative Holifield sums up the tendency in the *Congressional Record*, the American equivalent of the British *Hansard*: "The custom of smearing people of good character with charges of 'Communist,' 'Red Fascism' and 'radical,' and the attempt to include within the opprobrium of these epithets 'progressive,' 'liberal,' 'New Dealer,' is, in my opinion, one of the most dangerous practices in contemporary American politics."

Hysteria Endangers Liberty

Basically America has a very high standard of human rights and civil liberties but they can easily be undermined if Congress—backed up by the President—continues to whip up the fever of Red hysteria.

We in America are in a postwar hysterical mood, and Congress, through the Press and its Un-American Activities Committee, is not finding it difficult to make us see Communists lurking under the bed as vividly as we "saw" flying saucers in the sky. The flying saucers were the hallucination caused by mass anxiety of the "complete weapon." The Communist under every bed is an hallucination to make us fear Russia. Russia, like the "complete weapon," is another unknown entity of fear.

The Un-American Activities Committee recently had a field-day in Hollywood. The industry is pretty well divided into two camps: Left and Right.

The Left consists of writers and executives who feel subconsciously guilty about earning $2,000 a week and try to salve their bad consciences by supporting leftist and radical "causes." They are equally matched in number by the rich Pharisees of the Right, producers, actors and executives, whose salaries have reached the point where taxation is intense. This tends to give them a grudge against society and any liberal tendency in the Government.

Dapper Adolph Menjou came right out and told the Un-American Activities Committee that "Hollywood is one of the main centres of Communist activity in America," and that the masters in Moscow want to use our movies "for their own purposes—the overthrow of the U.S."! (The exclamation point is mine.) Menjou went on to say, "I would shut all Reds out of the country as they shut our people out of Russia. I would distort everything they say as they distort everything we say."

The Un-American Activities Committee found Menjou's testimony "a most constructive and enlightening presentation."

Robert Taylor's testimony was that he had been forced "by an agent of the Government" to play a role in the film *Song of Russia*, made during the war to further American-Soviet relations, despite the fact that he refused to do so on the grounds that it was Communist propaganda. Richard Arlen charged that screen writers inject subtle plugs for the Kremlin into their scripts.

Ginger Rogers's mother testified: "When my daughter was making *Tender Comrade*, an R.K.O. picture, she was given a line to read, 'Share and share alike—that's democracy.' I think that's definitely Communist propaganda. Ginger refused to read that line, so it was given to a sweet and unquestionably loyal youngster, Kim Hunter, to read."

Moderate—or Subversive?

Let us try to view the problem in perspective. There is today in America a Communist Party of approximately 70,000 members who, avowedly or covertly, are tied to the fortunes or misfortunes of Soviet Russia. There is also a strong liberal tradition in America which is devoted to the spirit of the reform of capitalist democracy — that is, devoted to the notion that it can be reformed.

Harold Laski called it a "very moderate programme," but in the eyes of Congress and big business behind it the programme is subversive. Representative Colmer, in the *Congressional Record*, tells us: "The so-called Fair Employment Practices Act (dealing with equal rights for Negroes, etc.), sponsored by so-called progressive Democrats, was, in reality, part of a programme which had its origin under the leadership of the Soviet-dominated Communist Party."

This tendency to see Red in any aspect of reform

The Un-American Activities Committee, now whipping up feeling against "Communists," is headed by J. Parnell Thomas (on left)

threatens to build up to what happened under a Republican Congress in this country after the first World War, when the Attorney-General, then A. Mitchel Palmer (of the Palmer raids), was given the power to round up anyone he judged subversive.

During that reign of terror Socialist members of the New York State Assembly were expelled solely on the ground of their party affiliations. Teachers and ministers were muzzled. Under Federal and State laws, people got long prison terms for belonging to "seditious" organizations, even though it was proved in court that the individual in question was not aware of the "seditious" purpose of the group.

Not until the slump in 1929 which discredited the Republican Party even in the eyes of its followers did the liberals gain enough courage and cohesion to reassert their political will. But the same old crowd is back. The same nervous Congress is in the saddle and is chasing after liberals and progressives and what's left of the New Deal with the tally-ho cry: "We're going to clean out the Communists and the other subversives we've been after for years. . . ."

By Order of Truman

The loudest cries come from Congress but President Truman is playing a leading role. His phrase, "Stop Communism," was very successful in selling us the Truman Doctrine. And sure as night follows day the President has passed the ammunition again—this time for the home front. He has issued an executive order to check the loyalty of all Federal employees. We are told that "disloyal" persons will no longer be tolerated in the Government.

No one has satisfactorily defined the word "disloyal." The definition offered so far is ". . . membership in, affiliation with, or sympathetic association with, any foreign or domestic association . . . designated by the Attorney-General as totalitarian, Fascist, Communist or subversive. . . ."

As matters stand at present, it is left to the Attorney-General to decide what domestic organizations are deemed subversive.

Obviously the Government, and especially the State Department (the American Foreign Office) has to protect itself from solid pro-Communists in order to prevent occurrences similar to the Canadian espionage case, which showed that the Soviet Union does use members of the Communist Party as direct agents. But when an order as loosely phrased as the President's is acted upon by zealous—or just nervous—officials, innocent victims are likely to be injured, hounded and badgered.

The net is too wide to catch Communists alone. And those in charge of casting it are not qualified politically or emotionally to separate the poor fish from the sharks. Already ten State Department employees have suffered.

This is the story as told by Joseph and Stewart Alsop in the *New York Herald Tribune*: ". . . Ten people, none of them of top policy-making rank, and most of them well down the bureaucratic ladder, all received on the same day the same mimeographed communication . . . notifying them that their services were terminated 'with prejudice' as of that afternoon. Their names were not published. But the State Department Press release announced their dismissals and accused them of 'indirect association with representatives of a foreign power.' In the public mind they were identified as something close to traitors.

"Two or three of the ten no doubt had a very clear idea of why they were dismissed. But unless some singularly masterful deception is under way, most of the others are sincerely mystified by the whole affair. One man, for example, can explain why the axe fell on him only in terms of the fact that he attended a few Left Wing meetings in college days, out of curiosity. Another was the friend of a friend of a man who had fought with the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. Another got on the mailing list of a Left Wing bookstore.

Living in Constant Fear

"The suspicion inevitably arises that certain subordinate officials of the State Department, harking to Congressional cries for Communist blood, decided that a respectable number of heads must be served up on a platter. . . ."

Instances like this may well be multiplied a thousandfold in the coming year. President Truman has been given eleven million dollars by Congress to apply his "loyalty" order to two million Federal employees.

The list of questions asked to test the loyalty of a civil servant includes these: "Do you have many foreign-born friends? Do you like Henry Wallace? Do you believe in co-operatives? Have you any friends who are writers?

A man probably wouldn't be fired if he answered "yes" to all these, but he would undoubtedly get a nervous twitch and form the habit of looking over his shoulder, his right shoulder, while the present regime continues in Washington.

And, although ludicrous in Hollywood, the Un-American Activities Committee has done its share to give the average American a bad case of Red-fever. The loud noises, the war-whoops in Congress, the shrieking of "hate Communism" in the Press have contributed to making the patient worse.

But there is one great doctor in the nation: the Supreme Court can always be counted upon to come to the aid of the patient when his civil liberties are infringed. There's a great store of medicine which the founders of the Republic wrote into the Constitution; it is the Bill of Rights, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments which were designed to protect innocent men from being hounded.

In human utterance America presents a great contrast of good and evil. On one side we have J. Edgar Hoover asserting that "so-called progressives" are little better than Communists.

On the other side is the voice of the Supreme Court Justice, Louis D. Brandeis: "An intolerant majority, swayed by passion or by fear, may be prone . . . to stamp as disloyal those opinions with which it disagrees. Committees such as these, besides abridging freedom of speech, threaten freedom of thought and belief."

A killer is on the run

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Prewar, diphtheria killed 3,000 a year. By this year the figure had fallen to 472. Immunization caused the decline. Made general it could defeat this scourge

EVERY DAY one or two or three children die from diphtheria. They die because their fathers and mothers were uninformed, or lazy, or criminally misled.

But I would not want any parent, however blameworthy, to be punished by watching the last dreadful hours when a child with a monstrously swollen neck struggles hopelessly for breath and pits its feeble strength vainly against a killing disease.

To see that every parent is fully informed about diphtheria and its prevention is one of the aims of a publicity campaign which is being launched throughout Britain this month.

"Diphtheria Costs Lives—Immunization Costs Nothing" is the slogan and it may lead many parents to have their children immunized. Other parents—just as devoted to their children—will not be persuaded so easily. They will want to know why immunization is a good thing. How well does it work? Will it hurt the child?

Diphtheria was the principal killing disease among children of school age twelve years ago. Today it is one of the disappearing diseases and it could and should be made to disappear almost

Less painful than a pinprick, immunization cuts chances of infection by eighty per cent

Laziness could lead to this. A child gets "aspiration" treatment at Middlesex Isolation Hospital

entirely from this country—if only proper advance precautions are taken.

America and Canada started large-scale immunization against diphtheria long before we did. Toronto alone used to have over a thousand cases of diphtheria and eighty or more deaths every year. Now it has twenty cases each year and perhaps one death.

Now look at a shocking comparison. In 1937 of every 100,000 children in Canada one got diphtheria. Out of every 100,000 children in this country in the same year 149 got diphtheria. On many questions the Empire looks to the Mother Country for guidance. On saving the lives of young children—hardly a political issue—Canada left us far behind ten years ago.

From 1930 to 1940 we had had about 58,000 cases and 3,000 deaths from diphtheria every year. In 1941 the figures were slightly better but still not nearly good enough. So a propaganda campaign was started, using the newspapers and magazines, posters, radio and cinema, and by 1942 it was well under way.

About fifty-five per cent of all the children in the country had been immunized by the end of 1944 and in that year there were 29,949 cases of diphtheria with 934 deaths.

Toll Halved in Two Years

Now the figures for 1946 are available—18,284 cases of diphtheria and 472 deaths. In other words the 1944 figures were over twice as good as those for the period between 1930 and 1940. The 1946 figures are again twice as good as those of two years ago.

Was this steady fall due to immunization? In 1942, 1943 and 1944, generally speaking, half our children were protected by immunization and the other half were not. If immunization had had no effect, then we would expect the same number of infections and deaths in the immunized as in the non-immunized. In point of fact out of every five children who contracted diphtheria four had not been immunized. Out of every thirty children who died from the disease twenty-nine had not been immunized.

Immunization is not a 100 per cent guarantee against diphtheria. But if your child is immunized it is five times less likely to contract diphtheria. And if the odds of five to one against turn up, as they do occasionally, then your child is thirty times less likely to die from the disease.

Last year Gillingham had only two cases of diphtheria, both in children who had not been immunized. Gillingham is proud of the fact that it now has eighty per cent of its schoolchildren immunized and forty-seven of its under-fives. Gillingham has had no deaths from diphtheria for six years now.

These Towns Are in Earnest

Goole has not even had a single case of diphtheria for three years—because eighty-seven per cent of the under-fives and sixty per cent of the schoolchildren in Goole have been immunized against diphtheria. Ilfracombe had not a single case last year. Portsmouth had fourteen cases—and it used to have 450 cases every year.

These are some of the many towns where immunization has been taken seriously. There are others whose records are not so good, where too many children still contract diphtheria, and die from it.

Since the campaign for immunization began more than six million children have been protected against diphtheria. This is not yet enough. We could make diphtheria as rare here as it is in Canada and America if three out of every four babies were immunized before the age of twelve months. That is why a prime object of the present campaign is the immunization of 600,000 babies.

Between eight months and twelve months is the right time for a first immunization, which is safe, simple and free. Few infants reach eight months without somebody sticking a safety-pin into them. Immunization is not as painful. A hypodermic needle is sharper than a safety-pin, and there are usually no after-effects at all. There are two injections, one four weeks after the other and in future this interval may be lengthened.

Immunization does not last for ever, but your child can be completely protected over the first fifteen vulnerable years of life by two injections just before the first birthday and a single "booster" dose after the age of three and before starting school at the age of five, and then again at the age of ten.

Seeing that your own children are safe is the least you can do. There are three other ways in which you can help to make the present campaign completely successful.

You may have friends whose children are not immunized. Tell them the facts. Diphtheria has nothing to do with bad drains or playing with those awful children round the corner. Diphtheria may attack and kill any child—but it is five times more likely to attack and thirty times more likely to kill the child who is not immunized.

Slackness May Bring Death

Laziness is sometimes a crime. But losing a loved child because you were too lazy to take it to the clinic or to your own doctor to be immunized is more punishment than any crime ever merits.

Tell your friends to see the film *So Well Remembered*. That may impress them. Tell reluctant fathers to apply their intelligence to the known facts and figures and draw their own conclusions. Tell them that immunization carries none of the discomforts which they may have suffered from entirely different inoculations in the Services.

Secondly, if immunization is not as easily available and as widely publicised where you live as it is in, say, Portsmouth or Eastbourne, ask why. Read the annual report of your medical officer of health when it appears in the local paper. You elect the councillors who make up the health committee. Go to their meetings occasionally or at least read the reports of what they have said and done.

One medical officer sent a birthday card to a lot of babies who were twelve months old and had not been immunized. It was a nice card and inside was a reminder which prompted many mothers to have their infants protected against diphtheria. He should have got a vote of thanks. Instead he was criticized for "wasting" the ratepayers' money. In point of fact he had probably saved the lives of a few children and hundreds of pounds worth of hospital expenses at a cost of a few shillings.

Few councillors are so irresponsibly dimwitted, but no council is the worse for the stimulus of letters and questions from citizens interested in the health of their own and other people's children.

Ignore the Muddled Missionaries

Finally, don't be misled and don't allow others to be misled by the muddled missionaries of the "anti" societies. These are well-meaning but completely misguided people. Their values are curious, as is the way with most obsessional types. They say it is wrong that a few guinea-pigs should be sacrificed to save the lives of thousands of children. My view is different. If a thousand guinea-pigs had to be killed to save the life of one small child, I would be sorry for the guinea-pigs, but I would save the child.

The campaign for diphtheria immunization is beginning. See that your own children are fully protected. Do what you can to help those of your neighbours who are lazy, reluctant, or misguided. And do everything possible to see that your area is one of the best and not one of the black spots.

Diphtheria has ceased to be a medical problem. It is now a challenge to responsible citizenship and to parental care.

Manor House, Stoke D'Abernon . . . In this stately home, would-be diplomats come down to earth

FOREIGN OFFICE WEEKEND

by VINCENT BROME

For Britain's future ambassadors, passing a stiff test on Army O.C.T.U. lines matters more than having a private income or influential friends

IT WAS A WARM SUMMER DAY when Mr. X took the train from London to the village of Cobham in Surrey, but the scent in the air could not quite overcome the uneasiness at the back of his mind. He was to become a human guinea pig this weekend. He was to try his luck in the Foreign Office laboratory, one of the most up-to-date methods of getting new recruits for the British Diplomatic Service.

Cobham is a normal enough station in itself, but he was surprised to find that the waiting taxi would accept luggage only, and a handful of men clustered round the taxi, all on their way to take the test, were adding their luggage to the pile. X was told politely that Stoke D'Abernon, the Selection Board Headquarters, lay "foive minutes away." He started to walk.

The lovely brick lines of the country house came up out of the fields, and the candidates passed into the gravelled drive. From that moment they ceased to be free individuals going about their everyday business, and became Foreign Office specimens under constant observation.

Numbers Cloak Identity

Scattered about the grounds were small huts, the entrants' training quarters for the next four days. They were each given a duplicate number, one to be pinned on their chest and the other on their back. In this human laboratory a new specimen had to be recognized from the back as well as the front view. They were introduced to the geography of the house and each given his separate room. X's was a pleasant enough place with bed, wardrobe, table and chair. The river flowed just outside.

The real business of assessing whether he was any good for Britain's Foreign Service began the next day.

Mr. X was confronted by a series of questions which began on a fairly simple level: "Red is to white what good is to. . . ."

Happily, X wrote evil, and ploughed on. As he took each question in his stride and gathered false courage, phrases began to twist a little, and become more complicated. Then he was suddenly aware of the suave, polished gentlemen holding the stop watch and ready to announce, "Thank you, gentlemen, time's up."

He didn't get through the whole paper, not that it mattered. It was all part of a raw-material-of-intelligence test. The power of associating one thing with another is one part of intelligence—and the questions probed deeply into one's associative abilities.

Now came a fairly high-speed general knowledge paper. Who was the Foreign Minister of New Zealand? Who signed the Locarno Treaty for Britain? What started the Russian Revolution? Comparatively easy going.

A big, bland gentleman, one of a team of mental "trick cyclists," seated himself next to X on the second day and immediately hit out with: "Odd breed psychologists, aren't they?"

X threw the question back. "Are they?"

The conversation shot off at an abrupt tangent. "I wonder why on earth anybody wants to go into the Foreign Office? Look at the trouble in the world today. . . ."

The psychologist was sizing him up, trying to find out just what sort of person really lay beneath the everyday front. X had a notion he found out quite a lot.

Meanwhile, more direct analysis went on with a language test. Since he had studied French for four months only, X didn't expect to make out very well, but they were not so much concerned in the British Foreign Office today with finding the finished linguist, as with finding someone with the ability to become one.

This characteristic runs through many of the tests. The old-world questions about Eton, the right accent, sport and a sparkling personality have lost some of their edge.

So they took into consideration the fact that X had only been on French for four months, and gave him a handsome pass. But then came the most effective and ingenious test of the whole course, the big set piece designed to make or break.

"Imagine," they said, *"that you are travelling with a Foreign Office representative to a group of islands not long freed from military occupation. On the way your boss falls ill and responsibility passes to you. When the ship docks, what's your first move?"*

X said he expected to be met by some envoy of the governor and to be taken to the governor's house. What then? He would explain the illness of his boss, produce his own credentials and ask whether the island was socially in working order, what food they had available and so on, always providing this information was not already in the hands of the Foreign Office in London.

Now came a thickish file containing fake memoranda about the island, its people, produce and politics. The file had to be read and summarized, again with a time limit.

There was a great shortage of shoes in the island, there were no tanneries and only one ship with any space to spare plying between Britain and the island. How would he get the greatest number of shoes into the island in the shortest time?

Strain Began to Tell

Although this reproduction of actual events sometimes had X mentally full out, and sometimes led him on to the brink of fearful pitfalls, he found it fascinating and enjoyed it, but on the morning of the fourth day at Stoke D'Abernon he awoke feeling tired. The nervous strain was beginning to tell.

He had breakfast, reported at ten o'clock, and was confronted by another large paper which asked an array of personal questions about his father, mother, work, career, pastimes and so on, which for sheer thoroughness took some beating.

The summing-up interview followed. After four long days X finished the last lap and began to wonder whether by some inconceivable kink in the minds of the testers he might have passed.

They had no such kink. Three weeks later he was told he had failed. This is not rare. The percentage of failures—a dark secret—is fairly high.

H.M. Ambassadors of the future have a hard path to travel—but nowadays it is at least a path open to all able young men, and no longer the exclusive preserve of the sons of privilege.

"A scheme of special entry to meet the demands of the Foreign Service during the reconstruction period immediately after the war is now being worked out. It is probable that this scheme will be based primarily on the candidate's record of service during the war and on his showing before an interviewing board rather than on a written examination or academic qualifications. . . ."
—Extract from Government White Paper, "Proposals for the Reform of the Foreign Service," published in 1943.

THERE GOES THE BRIDE

by ERIK ROSMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

Horris was known for his indiscretions. But why go out of the way to advertise one's elopement?

WHEN I HEARD that Lancelot Horris was borrowing a ladder for his elopement (said young Jenkins to the local Press reporter, who had just bought him a pint in the "King's Head"), I wondered who on earth the lucky bride could be. For although Lancelot should be pretty well off if his father doesn't get fed up with him and cut him off, he's a bit irresponsible and isn't the settling down type.

In fact, since he was demobbed he hasn't done any work at all except occasionally acting in touring companies and our amateur society—if you call that work.

What's more, there aren't so many girls in Lower Sludsley free for elopement purposes nowadays, and in the case of those that are, the only mystery would be the state of mind of the eloping groom.

The first thing I knew about it all was last night when I came upon Lancelot and Bill Saunders carrying on a discussion in Saunders's builder's yard half-way up the hill there. Lancelot was asking Bill which of his various ladders he could recommend as suitable for elopement purposes. It would need to be strong enough for two and long enough to reach an upper window, and not too creaky or noisy to spoil the highly secret nature of the enterprise.

"You're joking," said Bill Saunders, slowly. "You can't mean you're eloping with a girl in this village?"

"I'm certainly not carrying the ladder six miles to the next one," said Lancelot in his rather flippant tone. "And please don't speak as though there couldn't be a girl here worth the risk and trouble. I don't want to mention names, so all I can say is that she's in an upstairs room waiting with pit-patting heart, while her mum and dad are downstairs listening to the Third Programme."

At that moment he saw me, and called me in. It was a long ladder he had chosen, and he would need some help with it up the hill, he said.

"I'll give you a hand, too," said Bill Saunders quickly.

He isn't the sort to help anyone readily, but if he had gone indoors and told his missus that Lancelot Horris was eloping without telling her the girl's name, she would have lain awake all night wondering which girl it was and making guesses that would keep Bill awake, too.

"Of course we've got to be quiet," said Lancelot earnestly. "Night opera-

"You're a fool, Sally, he's a drunkard and a profligate," shouted her father

tion. Cover of darkness and all that." But the noise he made giving orders to Bill and me (who actually carried the ladder) made old Miss Gibson and Mrs. Bates open their windows as we went past their cottage.

Three or four fellows on their way down to the "King's Head" stopped and asked us if there was a fire somewhere. Mrs. Miggs came out to her gate, and Bob Towers was at his gate, too, shivering a bit in his shirt sleeves.

"Here we are," said Lancelot suddenly. "The white house on the left."

It was a cottage standing alone, and of course we knew whose house it was—the stationmaster's.

"You don't mean the Dillons'?" said Bill Saunders incredulously.

"I do."

"Well, who be you eloping with?" asked Bill blankly.

"As far as I know," Lancelot answered "there's only pa, ma, the dog Caesar, and Sally. I'll give you three guesses."

"Sally! It must be. But Sally's in love with Tom Pasing," argued Bill.

Lancelot laughed a bit to himself.

"Once, many years ago, a village rumour was wrong," he said, "and now it's happened again. Quiet as you like, chaps; we want this ladder up against that front window. That's Sally's room."

THE light came on suddenly in that room, and I saw Sally Dillon standing at the window wearing one of those dressing-wrap things. She's the prettiest girl for ten miles round, and as she looked her very prettiest in the bright light, an approving murmur came from the small crowd that had now collected, and a soft ripple of handclaps, which made her switch off the light hurriedly.

Even without the light, we could see Sally leaning out of the window. She was making a megaphone of her hands so that her whisper would carry.

"Lancelot, darling," she called. "Is this what you call keeping it dark?"

"Quiet as we can, my precious," he called back. "Just some of the chaps to lend a hand. No need for you to worry, pet, I can hear pop's radio blaring away. All you have to do is look beautiful. We'll do the rest. Abandoning bedroom by numbers—One. . . ."

Then, grasping the ladder himself, he dropped the bottom end on to the centre flower bed, and let the top end fall smack against the glass of Sally's window. There was a sharp crack and then the familiar tinkling of falling glass.

"Cor! You broke the window," said Bill, pointing.

"You'll have the old man out here in a minute," I warned.

I was right, too, except that he came in far less time than a minute. He hurled the door open, and came out as though he was jet propelled.

He's a big, burly man—I daresay you've seen him at the station—and, of course, he's been used to throwing his weight around and barking at porters. It was no surprise to me, therefore, when he roared like a bull at Lancelot.

"What's going on here? And who put that ladder there? What is this?"

"This," said Lancelot, "was supposed to be done secretly."

"What was? Busting my window?"

"No, that was just chance. No, I refer to my mission," said Lancelot.

"Mission? What mission? What are you talking about, if anything?" asked Pa Dillon, truculently. "Coming here at this time of night, planting that ladder in my flower bed, or bringing it here at all if it comes to that. I know who you are, and I know what you are. You're drunk."

"Drunk? Me? My dear sir, I can't possibly be drunk. Apart from a binder of Scotch, I've drunk nothing but beer the whole evening."

Dillon did not trouble to argue. He waved his arm excitedly as though he was addressing a loiter of porters. "Take that ladder away!" he yelled violently. "We've got the whole village round the fence now."

"Not the whole village; the Sisters Gummit haven't arrived yet. We'd better send a car for them. And, by jove," said Lancelot, "here by all that is wonderful, is that very thing, a car."

It was the station taxi-cab, and I knew by the way he spoke that he had been expecting it; he spoke as though he was delivering a little speech on the stage, for he had had good value from that 'binder.'

The station car pulled up at the Dillons' gate, and Ned the driver stepped down. As he and the stationmaster had had little set-to's as to when and where the taxi was to wait at the station, there was no great affection between them.

"And what the blossoming buds do you want?" snarled Dillon.

"I'm here because I was asked to be here," said Ned. "I'm picking up a fare. Mr. Horris knows all about it."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Pa Dillon said in growing fury. "First he comes to my house with a ladder and busts the window, and then he gets a taxi here. Why? That's what I want to know."

"The car," said Lancelot, "is here to keep a lovers' tryst. Our elopement—Sally's and mine."

The effect of that on Pa Dillon was so striking that the crowd, which had started to laugh, was suddenly silent. The stationmaster's red, rather bloated face paled to a soft shade of mauve.

"Elopement? You and Sally?"

"That's right, elopement. It was all meant to be frightfully secret," Lancelot explained apologetically. "But chance has made it otherwise. Sally and I are eloping on the ten-thirty-three——"

"Ten thirty-four on Saturdays. But listen, young man, you must be crazy if you expect me to believe this. You and Sally eloping? Fiddlesticks!"

At that, Lancelot rushed half-way up the ladder.

"Darling," he called in a trilling tone.

Sally let up the blind, and a piece of glass that had clung to its position whistled past Lancelot, missing him by inches, and embedded itself in the grass.

"Yes, sweetheart," she said.

"Father wants to know if you're eloping with me."

"Father? Oh! Lancelot! Dad's not out there?" she cried in dismay. "And you told me it could be kept a secret!"

From below her father roared up at her.

"Sally! What's the meaning of this tomfoolery? Only yesterday you told me you were madly in love with Tom Pasing and there'd never be another man in your life."

SALLY leaned out of the window, and there was fire in her eyes. She had put on a frock and perfected her face and looked so lovely that there was another round of applause.

"Listen, dad," she said, in a sharper voice than usual. "I'm sick and tired of your busting into my affairs and living my life for me. You forbade me to marry Tom. You told me he wasn't good enough, hadn't enough money. And you kept me practically locked in the house to keep me from him. All right, then. It looks as if you've won. Tom's gone. I had a letter from him this morning telling me he's sailing for Canada."

Nobody said anything, because she spoke with such feeling that we were all impressed, and mad with her father.

"Shame," murmured someone.

"Yes, shame on you, dad," called Sally indignantly. "You meant to lose me Tom for ever. It will be your fault if I never see him again. Too late I can see what a weak fool I've been. I should have obeyed my own heart. I'll have to live my life, not you. If I can't marry the man I love, then I'll marry a man who can give me money and fun. I'll marry Lancelot Horris."

"Hoorah for Horris," called Lancelot. "Popular win!"

I sent up a cheer, and the crowd echoed it with such force that I looked round to see how many more had joined us. The number surprised me. Even the Gummit Sisters had arrived, and I saw the vicar close at hand.

"I'm marrying Lancelot Horris in London," Sally cried, calling to the crowd as though she were addressing a meeting. "We're catching the ten-thirty-three."

"Four, my precious," corrected Lancelot.

"Four, and no one shall stop us."

The crowd cheered anew, and it was obvious that many were on Sally's side.

But when the cheers died, some elderly female voices spoke up against Lancelot.

"He was drunk in the 'George and Dragon' every night last week," shrilled the younger Miss Gummitt.

"No, no. Fair's fair. Not every night; not last Wednesday," said Lancelot. "I can bring witnesses. Last Wednesday I was drunk, as you call it, in the 'Rose and Crown' at Mawsworth."

Pa Dillon looked up at Sally, and flung his arms wide apart as though in despair.

"And that's the man you want to marry. A toper, a clown."

"He's got what you wanted me to marry—money."

"You're a fool, girl, a crazy fool. He's a drunkard and a profligate," shouted her father. "He'll never come into the Horris money; or if he does go into the business he'll ruin it. Who do you think will have to keep him, anyway?"

"Who, me?" asked Lancelot. "Why, mum!"

As though he hadn't heard, Pa Dillon turned to Ned, the taxi-driver.

"Take that car back to the station," he roared. "It's part of your agreement to meet the ten-thirty-four."

"I'll be there. I'm taking Mr. and Mrs. Horris to catch it," sneered Ned.

I thought Pa Dillon would burst, but fortunately Lancelot spoke from the ladder. Still in the same imperturbable mood, he waved his hand to Ned.

"As I don't want to cause any unpleasantness," he said, "or let your taxi be smashed up by a madman, you'd better wait for us round the corner by the stile. We shan't be long."

"O.K., sir," said Ned, and drove off.

There was more room when the car had gone, and everyone moved in nearer to make sure of missing nothing.

"Listen to me, young man," called Pa Dillon with better control of his voice. "Get this clear. You are not eloping with my daughter. Only a cad would marry a girl who does not love him, and she has said she doesn't love you."

"Sir," said Lancelot. "I am a Cad Mark I. If she doesn't love me, at least we have our art in common. We have a great future on the stage together. Gradually, her wounded heart will heal; she will grow first to like me, then gradually that liking will deepen. And under her softening influence I shall abandon my dissolute ways. I may even give up drink."

Sally came to the window and handed him a small case.

"Darling, take this, please. And you do understand me? I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I may not love you now, but I may learn to later on."

"Sweetheart, we'll buy a book about it," said Lancelot. "An illustrated book." He blew a kiss at her.

"Sweetie-pie," called Sally, back at the window again. "Have we much time to spare?"

"Ten minutes, my sweet."

"Then I'll change into another frock. I've just thought: this one will get crumpled in the train, and I'd better wear something more practical."

The blind came whistling down again, and some of the lads uttered a long-drawn groan. It may have been a tragedy for the Dillons, but to most of the crowd it was a comedy.

While Lancelot waited for Sally, Pa Dillon started to organize his supporters. There was a porter from the station, who hadn't much choice in the matter, a drinking companion, and the butcher. But Lancelot had noticed the whisperings and grouping; and now he called down to us.

"Chaps. We don't want to fight our way out, but if it comes to that, are you game? Who's for love, liberty and lashing out at opponents?"

There came an approving shout from the younger chaps and squeals of delight from romantic girls. Even older people had been saying that Dillon was high-handed and that Sally had been too weak.

As to Lancelot, he's a bit mad, but he's popular. There was, therefore, a good deal of shouting for him, but I didn't see how he could make it unless Sally hurried.

"They'll miss the train if they're not careful," I said. "Lancelot. Time!"

LANCELOT went up the ladder, and rapped on the blind. "Sweetie-pie," he called out. "It's me. Better get a hustle on. Ready? Oh, good girl . . . well, don't come until I whistle three times. I'll make a gangway first, and secure a bridgehead on the flower bed."

That was the signal for the Opposition. Pa Dillon and his pals rushed the ladder. With a combined heave, they hurled it over and Lancelot, who managed to cling on, was left hanging from the underside. How long he could hang on wasn't guessable, for the Opposition was trying to push the top end of the ladder away from the ledge so that Sally couldn't get down it. At the same time the porter was sent into the house to see that she didn't get out by the bedroom door.

As soon as it became obvious what the Opposition intended, a dozen of us jumped into the garden, and pushed the ladder back into place. Naturally that was only the start. Fights started between chaps who had been holding themselves back and now had an excuse. But the ladder was not forgotten. Two sides fought for it, and in the middle of it all Bill Saunders sprang in to tell them to stop smashing his ladder.

No one took the slightest notice of him. Sweating, pushing, straining, we

Continued on page 22

My church is a haven for the divorcee

by the Rev. A. Micklewright

Leading churchmen are again attacking the remarriage of divorcees. Here, a Unitarian minister puts the other side of the picture

The Rev. Amphlett Micklewright in his chapel in Cross Street, Manchester. "I take a stand nearer to true religion"

THEY TELL ME people have started calling my church "The Haven for the Divorcee." It will, of course, always be something more than that. Cross Street Chapel, where I serve as Unitarian minister, is the oldest Nonconformist church in Manchester.

Yet its long tradition—it was founded in 1672 and built in 1694—is, I believe, strengthened by the fact that so many men and women have come here to seek and find the blessing and support they sought vainly elsewhere.

The Gospels conflict on this question of divorce. Passages can be found in the sayings of Jesus which seem to treat of marriage as indissoluble. But they exist side by side with the famous passage in St. Matthew which permits of divorce for unchastity.

Christian history reveals muddled testimony. In the West, the tradition grew up of absolute indissolubility of marriage. The Eastern Church never adopted this rigid view. After the Reformation the Roman Catholic Church maintained a rigid outlook, always leaving the possibility of a Papal annulment. In Britain, King's Law replaced Canon Law and the attitude to divorce was changed.

Divorce, in post-Reformation Britain, could be obtained only by a private Act of Parliament and was administered through the Ecclesiastical Courts. It was costly and rare, so little objection to remarriage was ever voiced by the priests.

But in 1857, when the present divorce courts were set up (and grounds for divorce were to be adultery and cruelty on the part of the husband or adultery only on the part of the wife) there was an instant ecclesiastical outcry and a refusal to marry any divorcee in church.

Since those days the grounds for divorce have been extended but the Church maintains its opposition.

Divorce is still anathema to the Mothers' Union (leading Anglican body for women's work) and many Nonconformists have modelled their attitude to this matter closely on the Church of England.

They Came to my Study

Time and again people who have passed through the divorce courts have come to my little study asking me to officiate at their remarriage. Sometimes they have been the "wronged" parties. Sometimes they have been the "guilty" parties. I have never refused any of them.

A fresh search for happiness has always started—and always will—in Cross Street Chapel, whenever I have been sincerely asked to hold a remarriage service. In fact, services have been requested by, and granted to, persons far removed from the exact theological position for which the chapel stands.

The other day a man who had been the respondent in a divorce case wished me to marry him to the co-respondent.

He told me that his former marriage had been one of utter incompatibility. His wife kept strictly to the straight and narrow path—in the eyes of the law. He had no grounds for divorce and yet, psychologically, was enduring a terrible existence. Into his life came the type of girl he ought to have married in the first place. There was only one way in which he might win the happiness he had failed to achieve. He gave his wife grounds for divorce, and she accepted them.

He was not a man lacking in principles and the girl he wished to marry was also something of an idealist. They both wanted to make a new start on the highest possible level—and they sought a marriage in church.

He had no connection with my chapel and had only come to me on the advice of a friend. He had been sternly repulsed by the vicar of his parish and the Methodist minister was not much more helpful. Possibly the overwhelming majority of parsons of every denomination would agree with the vicar and the minister.

But I could do no such thing.

I Make My Own Decisions

I know that, as a Unitarian minister, I am answerable to nobody but myself in such matters. I am not obliged to consult a bishop or moderator before officiating. And I know enough of the circumstances of life to realize that the legal categories of "innocent" and "guilty" may be necessary in a court of law but are sometimes the reverse of truth from the moral angle.

How curious is that attitude towards sin which refuses to excommunicate the spiteful, the cruel, the thief, the drunkard, and yet refuses to anybody who has stumbled over the Seventh Commandment any chance of repairing the breach or providing a chance to mend broken lives.

Both as a minister of religion and as a city councillor I am brought into contact every day with this fact, the war's aftermath of broken marriages. There is usually little or no hope of reconciliation because the trouble has often arisen through a rushed marriage for which the couple were untrained and unsuited. Divorce follows.

Shall I, as a minister, tell these people they are doomed to lifelong celibacy? Or that they must be shut out from such inspiration and consolation as a religious service can give them, on remarriage? The fresh marriage may be, and often is, a true union of hearts.

An unfaithful husband may be an intolerable strain upon a respectable woman and it is a curious viewpoint which insists that a judicial separation is the only remedy. Obviously she is well rid of him. Incompatibility of temperament is sometimes discovered only after marriage. But according to much church teaching the price must be lifelong hell.

Marriage is clearly a contract from one point of view and if the conditions are broken the contract becomes null and void. No amount of preaching can undo this legal fact which, as part of the law of contract, lies at the basis of society.

It is also more than a contract and the "vows betwixt them made," to quote the Marriage Service, do presuppose a lifelong union. But is this to be reduced to a purely legal category? It can surely also be regarded as a piece of idealism which everybody hopes at the time will become actual in experience. If the ideals fail and the marriage crashes, idealism is at an end. Once again divorce emerges as the logical outcome.

These, then, are some of the thoughts which remain in my mind when I am approached by a "guilty" party who asks me to remarry him in church.

To this day the Church has little or nothing to say against the marriage of epileptics or subnormals who will breed future generations of epileptics and subnormals. The Church has done little to assist the relation of eugenics to marriage. Future marriage guidance is important but it must be viewed from "the human end" if it is to be effective, and not merely as a reiteration of a bankrupt supernatural and theological view of marriage as an institution.

It's Not a Lecture They Want

So, when these worried people come to me, telling stories of past failures to find married happiness, I feel I will not be helping much if I sit back and discourse on possible future arrangements for marriage guidance clinics—then add the awkward fact that I cannot help them toward remarriage, the first step they want to take.

I simply refuse to do it. Men and women in search of new happiness will still come to Cross Street Chapel to be remarried so far as I am concerned.

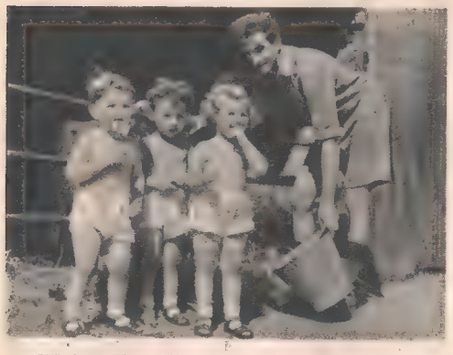
In acting like this, I believe I take a stand far nearer to the spirit of true religion—the charity which "suffereth long and is kind"—than those priests, parsons and ministers who pursue the strictly ecclesiastical line.

True religion is concerned with fellowship and brotherhood. I believe I extend this spirit when I seek to end the lack of fellowship which has previously existed in at least two lives.

WHAT'S IN IT FOR THE NEW FARMER?

by JOHN MAY

Ex-Servicemen are training to farm. A Boys' Land Army is planned. Many holiday harvesters look to the land, where the real need is partnership



Walter Tonelli and triplets. He wants his own farm but is willing to wait

Bernard Crook adjusts the milking machine. Another ex-Serviceman, he is one of 10,000 who applied to train

INSIDE A GREAT HALL in Westminster, the double row of "notables" on the platform is fenced in with stalky microphones. At a central rostrum stands Herbert Morrison. He adjusts his hornrims at the side. He speaks grimly. "Our food supplies are threatened. . . . We must produce at home every ton that we can. . . ."

Facing him is a sea of brown faces, dotted with pink bald heads, and flecked with silver hair. War Agricultural Committee chairmen from all over Britain are there—the bigtime farmers who work voluntarily as unpaid n.c.o.s to link Whitehall with the rank and file of farming.

Tom Williams, the Minister of Agriculture, stands up to address them.

He talks, in his pleasant Yorkshire accent, of agriculture's *wonderful* opportunity to save Britain from dire need. An extra £100 millions of home-grown food in four years: that is the crisis programme. Priority for farming in housing, steel for tractors, better prices, no call-up, more labour, more feeding stuffs. "Rougly half of the extra £100 millions is to be achieved by *greater all-round efficiency*," Williams says.

"What about the C farmers?" cries a voice from the audience. Britain's farmers are officially graded into A, B and C categories. The Cs are the inefficient duds who are in danger of dispossession.

"Give them *one* more chance," says the Minister, amid laughter.

It shocks me, that laughter from this conference of comfortable, successful men. More this, more that. . . . I want to stand up and shout: "What about some new and better *farmers?*"

They're Learning the Hard Way

The speeches drone on. Nobody suggests a commando gang to oust the C types. No one asks for competition to shake up some of the As and Bs. The atmosphere seems to me to be outrageously complacent.

Where are the farmers of the future? I decided to set out to find them.

At Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, three score of beautiful brown and white Ayrshire cows, with horns like hat-racks, were coming quietly in for afternoon milking. I met the head cowman, Walter Tonelli—a tallish, dark young man, with a pleasant self-possession.

Round in the cowshed I found young Bernard Crook already putting the milking machine on to some of the cows. Frank Dix came down the ladder from thatching a corn-stack—a long, dour young Yorkshireman with a quiet smile, who sometimes helps with milking. Tom Osborne was tractor driving. He's Hertfordshire from Watford, milks when necessary, handles a "pair o' hosses" like a man born to the plough.

Less than two years ago all these men were in the Services. Ten thousand ex-Servicemen like them (and eight hundred women) have applied since June, 1945, for training in agriculture under the Government scheme.

His Wife was a Phone Girl

Whitehall admits that the plan of placing Government-paid ex-Servicemen with farmers for a year's training has been a partial flop. "The main difficulty has been the great scarcity of suitable accommodation," says the Ministry.

The scheme may not help greatly to recruit the 100,000 new farm workers Tom Williams wants. But my belief is that many who survive training will one day have farms of their own.

These four at Rickmansworth are among the 5,000 successes who so far have made a go of the training scheme. All four are enthusiasts.

Walter Tonelli (three generations English) finished training a few months ago, and when the head cowman left, he took on the cows himself. The farmer is well satisfied with the way he handles them. Walter's wife worked in Maida Vale telephone exchange, but she has settled down well to life in the country. While he was in the Army she gave birth to triplets. Two boys and a girl. On warm afternoons they play round the calf pens while mother knits and father milks.

Does Walter Tonelli want a farm and a dairy herd of his own? "I suppose," he says, "we shall have to wait now until the boys begin to grow up."

Bernard Crook, now twenty-three, was in Coastal Command from eighteen to twenty-two. To milk-roundsman from warrant officer (wireless operator) is a big jump. Agriculture needs high-fliers now.

Frank Dix has had a go at several things: six

Tonelli got job of head cowman at farm where he was trained—he's one of successes in scheme that's been a partial flop

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

Behind tractor is trainee Tom Osborne, Burma fighter. And when he gets a farm? "He'll be better off in a team than on his own"

years a clerk in the R.A.F., he's also been a butcher and a plumber. He brought his wife down from Yorkshire, and they have a few months old son. A smallholding of his own is Frank's ambition. "He'll do well at it," says the farmer.

Just over a year ago, Tom Osborne came back from India. After Burma with the 10th Ghurka Rifles, training on a farm through Britain's "disaster" winter was a bleak test. Tom worked on a local newspaper before he went to war with the Territorial Army in 1939. He'll stick to farming, but not—I am certain—as a plain farmhand.

Among such men as these Hertfordshire workers, I would say, is to be found the new blood to upgrade tomorrow's farming.

In the Queue for a Farm—Some Day

Ex-Service trainees are, of course, not the only aspirants to that longed-for "farm of my own." Shortly after I wrote about a Men's Land Army in JOHN BULL (June 28), the National Farmers' Union announced negotiations with the Y.M.C.A. to launch what they prefer to call a Boys' Land Army. Another gateway to farming.

The Y.M.C.A. runs a "British Boys for British Farms" training scheme. It has placed 7,000 in farm jobs in the last fourteen years. More than seventy per cent have stayed put. There's a thrusting crop of would-be farmers here, too. The 100,000 army of "holiday harvesters" contained dozens of others. Our 2,000 Young Farmers' Clubs naturally swarm with them.

But the distance from a hope to a haystack is measured in hundreds of pounds. Here are the farmers of the future. The question now is: *What price dreams?*

There are well over a quarter of a million farmers with 100 acres and less. There are only 12,000 with more than 300 acres. What kind of living does the large majority get?

The National Farmers' Union runs an annual farm accounts survey. We will select just *one* figure.

Milk producing brings in a monthly cheque, so a hard-up beginner favours it. Almost every farm nowadays is partly a mixed farm. The average profit on a dairying-and-mixed farm of 50-150 acres in 1945-46, according to returns, was £365.

A pound a day. Casual Irish farmworkers living in hostels in this country make as much and more in the busy seasons. A first-class farmworker can do so regularly, if he counts in cottage, free milk and so on, which *some* get. In the lower acreages of farming, the master today can easily be worse off financially than the man.

How about work, then? What does his £365 profit represent to the 50-150 acre farmer? First, his wages, as a man who probably works on the land all day and every day, and then for some time on "office" work at night. Maybe it represents a return on his wife's work too.

But that is not all. The family's £7 a week includes also the "earnings" of their capital, the money they have invested in livestock and equipment. This investment can easily amount to £2,000 or more on 100 acres. Most business men would simply label it "no proposition."

Clearly the average small farm which a worker might get by scrimping and scraping is for him a sentence of hard labour, and for the nation no great shakes as an economical proposition.

Can't we use brain instead of brawn?

The One I Nearly Bought

The night was full of nightingales. The wood was full of primroses. The would-be farmer was full of dreams. He had come down to look over a delightful-looking fifty-acre holding in the heart of Surrey. It was so secluded, in fact, that it was three miles from the nearest road.

Many times since then I have sighed with relief that I did not take the place. I realized just in time that the happy days of the one-man farm started with little knowledge and less capital had gone. If they ever existed.

A successful modern farmer has to be expert in a frightening array of subjects: engineering, plant and animal diseases, labour management, accountancy, soil chemistry, cultivations, drainage, cattle breeding, weather, business, and many more.

Farming, in fact, is becoming a *team job*. And much of Britain's worst farming is due to the one-man fetish. Big successful farmers, proud of being self-made men, will say this is "bosh." Novices will hate to admit that they cannot imitate the one-man successes. But many successful farms are businesses run by friends, by father and sons, or by brothers—*in partnership*.

Let Them Get Together

Why can't our young "farmers of the future" get together in this way? There is a good prospect for two, three, four or even more young chaps working as a co-operative unit. One would be cow-man, another look after arable crops, a third pigs and poultry. Perhaps one could even be picked for his "head for figures."

Each should have a good financial stake in the business. Best, too, if each had a cottage (or even a prefab), and they let the large farmhouse. A stable made into a central office could be the farm headquarters.

Their company would need an experienced and established farmer as consultant or chairman. They would have the "War Ag." to guide them, the National Agricultural Advisory Service to provide technical information.

Plenty of farms in the N.F.U. statistics are not making £3 a week. They are hopelessly uneconomic: a bare living for the farmer and his unpaid family, next to nothing for the national larder.

This is not a subject for well-fed successful farmers to laugh about. "We *must* produce at home every ton that we can."

If the means and the method were officially outlined, many young chaps would leap at the chance of partnership, profit-sharing farming. In our present need, can we afford to deny them this chance?

Private View of Anne Crawford

POET AND PLEASANT

ANNE CRAWFORD, star of Holbein Films' *Master of Bankdam*, is positive that diseases—such as the yen to act—are congenital. Her mother, she thinks, picked up the virus in Jerusalem, doing amateur productions for the Red Cross.

Her father, an Edinburgh Scot and the first Paymaster of the Palestine Railways under British administration, was also addicted to the arts. He loved music and named his eldest daughter Imelda after his music teacher.

Imelda Anne was born in Haifa in 1920 and reared on the garlanded slopes of Mount Carmel. Her first playmates were Arabs. She learnt to speak English, Arabic and Hebrew. When she was old enough to sit still for half an hour she was taken to see her mother act, and liked it.

When the family returned to Edinburgh, Anne went to St. Margaret's Convent. She was quite a prodigy. At ten she wrote a play called *The Witch and the Dream Fairies*, produced it and took the lead. Her father composed the music. Her mother made the dresses. It was a family affair and a "huge success" that encouraged the Crawfords to back their daughter against their own decision to make a lawyer out of her.

In due course Imelda Anne went to R.A.D.A. with a few prizes for elocution. She lived in digs. She passed her exams, went into repertory at Manchester and York and learned how to act.

Her entry into films was due to the persistent urging of Leslie Howard's sister, Irene, who saw her at York, and the perspicacity of Eric L'Epine Smith, then casting director for Warner's British Studios. Herbert Wilcox gave her a small part in *They Flew Alone*, in which she dropped the name Imelda and put up a performance distinctive enough to secure a contract for the starring parts in six pictures.

The bright young things of British pictures are easily typed but hard to know as characters. Anne Crawford is quite distinctive. Well liked because of an unaffected way of meeting and mixing with people, she is comfortable to eat with, argue with and talk to. Yet she's outspoken, tough, determined and moody. She has occasionally to be handled with care.

She has a house in Kensington, near the Albert Hall. It is singularly bare and undistinctive, but that is probably due to shortages which cast their shadow on stars and mortals alike.

Anne is rather British in her clothes. Occasionally you'll find on her head a euphemism for a hat she has invented and executed herself, for she's a handywoman. She cooks and can wrap cherries up in chocolate. She makes an incongruous figure in her toolshed, hammering, sawing and planing.

Sometimes she whittles by the fire. Other times she scrapes away with a fret-saw. She makes hedonistic lampshades by pasting on labels of unobtainable liqueurs. She paints pictures.

Somewhere on the way to *Bankdam*, Anne Crawford was induced to write a self-profile. It is in the third person and just long enough to do her no harm, but written with an ingenuousness that swats flies on much of the publicity material handed out today. This is what she thinks about herself:

"She is not a one-dimensional character. Her nature is one of fairly rapidly alternating light and shade. The old introspection still lurks in her, ready to creep up in an unguarded moment and pour chill torrents of self-criticism over the sunniest of achievements. Often in the middle of her enjoyment of a film premiere (like a long-awaited round of applause from her faraway audience) up comes the feeling of 'I must sneak out of here,' and away she goes."

The key to Anne's character is that she is a Scot and takes herself very seriously. She's never late at the studio. She works hard and she never fluffs a line. Between shots she knits and discusses politics with anybody looking for an argument.

IN the background is the solid silver of a good education, and there is about her still the charming priggishness of a convent schoolgirl who was popular, good at games, always first in her form; who had a good time and was never found out.

A doctor once told Anne that her low blood pressure is the reason she hates getting up in the morning. She's proud of her blood pressure. She'll tell you about it in the way she'll admit she's crazy about dancing (at the Milroy night club) or that she likes boy friends much older than herself, or that she's nuts about antelopes—she saw Disney's *Bambi* five times, and each time she cried so much when Bambi went out in the snow and started bleating that it left her heart quite dry. Anne just doesn't know how she survived *The Yearling*.

When Anne was a bairn she would often express her adolescent fancies in verse. Now in her early prime she has contributed a large slice of dialogue to the script of *Master of Bankdam*, and in moments of reverie she still thinks in verse and inscribes the result in a notebook entitled *Original and Otherwise*.

The fly sheet carries a photo of Anne and then follow seventy-four pages of delicate, printable thoughts, all carefully dated and signed Imelda Anne Crawford. This is "Poor Me":

Was it chance that guided your pleasure-seeking feet?
What mocking throw of dice decreed that we should meet?
Four walls; a world within a world to meet and part.
That farewell laugh—and I had lost my heart!

DENNIS HOLMAN

Talking Points About HOSPITALS

THERE ARE 1,500 HOSPITALS in England and Wales, more than 900 of them "voluntary" and about 560 municipal. Scotland has 570.

* * *

London has 234 hospitals, sixty open all night for accidents. A central Emergency Bed Service is notified of every vacant bed so that urgent cases can always be admitted somewhere.

* * *

Under the new Health Act, the State takes over the voluntary hospitals, on the grounds that their excellent work was marred by financial instability and that the best publicity, not the best hospital, got the money. In 1931 the Royal Northern (Holloway) had to close wards through lack of funds, and Bart's and Middlesex were appealing for a million pounds.

* * *

Sir Bernard Docker, chairman of the British Hospitals Association, is against the new Health Scheme—"a mass of mechanism in which the patient will be caught and mangled." Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, says: "I would rather be kept alive by the cold efficiency of a large hospital than expire in the warm sympathy of a small one."

* * *

Every hundred pounds of voluntary hospital income is made up on average thus: Subscriptions, £18; payments from public funds, £22; fees from patients, £42; interest on investments, £9; gifts, £9.

* * *

Money-raising expedients of voluntary hospitals are many and peculiar. Guy's recently appealed for old felt hats; received 1,500 a week—£1,250 worth in a year.

* * *

We have thirty "teaching hospitals"—that is, hospitals where it is a condition of admission that students may examine you. There are thirteen in London, nine in the rest of England, seven in Scotland, and one in Wales.

* * *

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, our oldest, was founded in 1123 by Rahere, a serf turned monk. Henry VIII, when he dissolved monastic institutions, allowed Bart's to remain open. John Mirfield, who wrote the first printed book on medicine, was a Bart's doctor in 1393.

* * *

Thomas Guy, a London bookseller, made money smuggling Bibles from Holland. He cashed sailors' pay chits for two-thirds of their value, and the Admiralty, unable to pay him the £6,700 eventually owing, gave him South Sea stock, which he sold for £500,000. With half of this sum he founded Guy's Hospital.

* * *

Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital was founded in 1852 by Dr. Charles West. Until then children under ten were not admitted to hospital and they accounted for half the deaths in London.

* * *

Guy's psychiatric clinic is world famous. Strangest case was a patient with insomnia, who, when young, was tied up to prevent sleepwalking. He was hypnotized and re-lived his early experience so vividly that the weals of the rope marks reappeared on his hands.

* * *

When a thousand toffee apples were confiscated from a barrow boy without a licence, the court ordered their distribution to the children of three East End hospitals.

FREE SPEECH

ONCE UPON A TIME I expected that the countries protected by British Forces during the war would for ever remember the valour of our men with gratitude. I was too presumptuous.

I am serving with the R.A.F. in Gibraltar and, to my grief, find that all Service personnel are treated with contempt. Although the people of Gibraltar claim British nationality, the language they speak is Spanish. They ignore anyone wearing British uniform, and don't even trouble to give simple courtesy.

This lack of hospitality causes life on the "Rock" to become extremely monotonous, the only relief being occasional trips to Spain, where the local attitude to British Forces equals that of the Gibraltarians but is more violent.—THOMAS FRANCIS COUSER, Gibraltar.

Sell Our Masterpieces

TO BRING US IN SOME of those much-needed American dollars, why not sell our valuable museum pieces and works of art to American antique collectors?

The hobby of collecting can be indulged in only by the wealthy and as we, as a nation, can hardly be called wealthy, I think it is time to sell.

It is all very well to hold these art objects for posterity—but will there be any posterity if we don't get out of this mess?

The children of today are more important than those of the next century because it is the children of today who can "make" the world for our future generations.—A. ROGERSON, 34 Fern Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2.

They Grumble While They Thrive

I AM GROWING TIRED of reading company meeting reports which begin with complaints from the chair about Government controls, and end with the declaration that the company has made the largest profit in its history.

The truth appears to be that the post-war set-up favours established companies more than ever, while it is more difficult for a one-man concern to make any headway at all.

A little more encouragement for the small man at the expense of the combine might pay the Government a handsome dividend.—C. HATTON, 24 Yeovil Close, Orpington, Kent.

Those Women!

NOWADAYS THERE IS A GREAT deal of talk about the position of women in public life. In my opinion, nine out of every ten women do not possess the slightest idea of what is going on in the world outside the narrow confines of their own households.

They lack a sense of logic and they have not the same sense of justice and fair play as men. The recent exhibition put up by the British Housewives League at their meeting substantiates what I have said. This is not meant to refer to the tiny number of women who *have* made good—small though their total remains.—JOHN G. M. SPENCER, 84 Walsall Street, Coventry.

Fight for Your Pants, Men

ISN'T IT TIME men stood on their own feet and demanded at least some decent trousers? This week I've walked the town trying to get one pair of grey worsteds or corduroys, average size, 32 waist, 32 leg, for my husband.

I found them at last in a shop that mostly serves sailors. When my husband tried them on they fitted so perfectly that he couldn't bend or sit down.

If we have enough material to tag on to women's skirts—which we *definitely* do *not* want — surely we can spare a few inches for our men's trousers. Having worked in a men's outfitting department for several years I know we had slacks for women on hand—but very little demand.—MRS. SMITH, 13 Cross Street, Barry Dock, Wales.

On Unwanted Tommies— **Along Main Street, Gib, memories are short, says an aggrieved Forces reader. Inhabitants have forgotten the war, and snub British troops**

—and Unwanted Art Treasures **Works of art are hobbies for the rich, and Britain is poor, says a reader. Solution: Sell all our masterpieces to America for dollars**

Russians Didn't Understand

TWICE IN A FEW DAYS the crew of a Soviet ship lying in the Tyne river visited the shop where I work to purchase articles of coupon value, of which we had a good stock.

Not one of the Russians could speak English nor had they an interpreter with them. After many gesticulations and vain endeavours to explain that coupons were required, the Russians left in a bewildered state with the impression, I am sure, that we did not want to sell them the goods because they *were* Russians.

If crews of foreign ships are entitled to coupons, then the captain or port authorities should deal with the matter. If they are not, the position should surely be explained to them.—G. B., North Shields. (Name and address enclosed.)

A Dutchman on England

IN JOHN BULL (September 13) I read about a London bus driver who was rude to a Dutch visitor. He may perhaps have had a busy day in his crowded bus, and anyway I am sure that story gives only one side of the picture. Here's the other side. Some friends of mine went to England for a holiday. Rightly or wrongly the Dutch Government allows its subjects not many pounds to spend in England, and they soon saw their money vanish. Yet they wished to see something of your beautiful country and decided to try hitch-hiking. They succeeded.

Many days they received nothing but kindness when they asked for a lift. One day they stopped a gentleman who took them in and in the end treated them to a nice tea. When they came home they were quite excited about it.

My wife was in London on her way back to Holland and a porter helped her and asked if she wished a taxi. But she told him she had not enough money left for a taxi.

He helped her with everything, then went away. My wife called him back as she wanted to pay him. But he did not return. Just waved his hand and trotted along. So even if the bus driver was a little bit grumpy I don't think you need despair of English kindness. — A. ARBOUS DALWEG, 24, Zeist, Holland.

HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

You Must Oil the Works

A PHILOSOPHER once said that "the last resort a man has . . . in the conduct of himself is his understanding."

This is true, of course; for there is no doubt that a man's understanding—his judgment, his ability to weigh evidence, to sift truth from lies, to estimate merit—is his one sterling asset. Isn't it strange that so few use it or really trust it?

It is just for this reason that crooks and charlatans of all kinds flourish, living in ease on the lazy credulity of their fellows. What chance would they have if even a little thought and reason and judgment were brought to bear on their lies?

But they know perfectly well that most people are much too lazy to think, much too indolent to mobilize their own understanding. And so the charlatans exploit the foolish to their hearts' content.

Don't imagine that understanding is a gift from nature. It's not. You've got to train it. You've got to read and acquire knowledge. You've got to learn to observe and not be content with just seeing. You've got to listen. And you've got to learn to make use of your reading and your observation and your listening.

You must, in fact, oil the works if you want the machine to function.

Above all, you've got to rid yourself of bias and prejudice. Nothing is more destructive to mental alertness and efficiency than what Voltaire once acidly called "the reason of fools."

"Soviet" Wives: a Protest

YOUR CAPTION to the picture of our Soviet-born British wives accompanying an article by Joseph MacLeod in his series "Understand the Russians," reads: "Soviet girls wed to Britons and refused exit visas. Russians were quite astounded by the fuss we *made*." (Italics ours.)

Does JOHN BULL imply that the fuss is over? These girls are *still* our wives. *Our* fuss will not be over until our wives arrive here!—E. KENWOOD, A. WATTS, J. S. BOLTON, 165, Yeading Lane, Hayes, Middlesex (on behalf of thirteen of the fifteen husbands of Soviet-born British wives).

∴ The past tense in the caption referred to the recent official attempts to persuade the Soviet Government to release the wives. There was no intention of implying that "the fuss is over."—EDITOR.

Advertise with Stamps

IN TIMES LIKE THESE, when the obvious thing that is needed is to publicise British goods and services abroad, why not call in the help of the universally-used postage stamp?

Stamps could be printed showing British industries—coal-mining, iron and steel works, textiles, electricity, printing and so on. Austria issued a set of stamps along these lines not long ago.—WILLIAM M. SMITH, 1 Shaw Lane, Markfield, Leicester.

Skewers in the Joint

WE ARE A FAMILY OF THREE and our joint of meat is not very large. Yet every week for no reason at all our butcher inserts one and sometimes two long skewers.

Our neighbour says *her* butcher does the same thing. I feel I would be justified in saving the skewers until I got a pound's weight of them and then going to the butcher to try and get a pound of meat in exchange.—"CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE," Newark, Notts. (Name and address enclosed.)

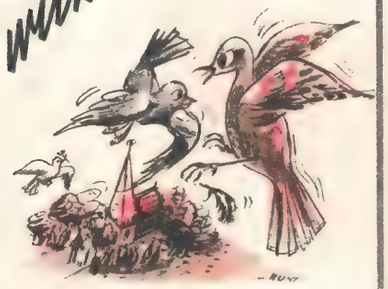
Pits *Have* Telephones

THE SIMPLE telephone system W. H. Ford talks about (JOHN BULL, September 20) has been in use in all British coal mines for many years.

But he does not seem to realize the extent of damage an explosion will cause. Hundreds of girders which have been holding up hundreds of tons of rock are blown out by the force of the explosion, thereby causing the roof to fall and shutting off telephonic communication with the rest of the pit.

It is usually on the extreme edges of the explosion area only that telephones

with my feet up



by Ian Fox

Little Bird Said So

THE BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS was winging around doing victory rolls over a wedding party. But her sigh of joy as the bride and bridegroom left the church was rudely shattered by the Mocking Bird, who flew up behind and pecked a feather out of her tail.

"Yoo-hoo!" said the Mocking Bird. "I'll bet they haven't got a nest to live in."

"Well, not yet," said the Blue Bird. "For a time they are going to live with her parents. It'll be ever so nice."

"You bet it will," said the Mocking Bird. "He won't even be able to beat her in comfort."

"You're horrible," said the Blue Bird. "You forget they're in love."

"Love flies out of the window when mother comes in at the door," said the Mocking Bird.

"Go away," said the Blue Bird. "Here comes my friend the Dove of Peace. I suppose you'll be making fun of her next."

"No need to do that," said the Mocking Bird.

"Coo!" said the Dove of Peace, flapping up wearily. "I've no time for watching weddings. It's all I can do to catch up with that nasty Stormy Petrel."

"Squaaark!" said the Stormy Petrel, suddenly crash-diving on to the Dove of Peace. "What's this—watching a wedding? I thought I left you among the miners."

"If I hadn't settled the trouble you stirred up," said the Dove of Peace, "the happy couple wouldn't have had any coal this winter."

"They've got their love to keep them warm," said the Mocking Bird. "She said so," he added, nodding at at the Blue Bird.

"The bride will settle down and become one of our gallant band of housewives," said the Blue Bird.

"And probably join the Housewives' League," said the Mocking Bird.

"That's where *I* come in," said the Stormy Petrel.

"Oh dear," said the Dove of Peace. "I'm afraid that league is not one of my successes."

"Well, I'm off to India," said the Stormy Petrel, flying off, with the Dove of Peace lolloping along behind.

"And where are *you* going?" the Blue Bird of Happiness asked.

"I'm staying right here with you in Britain—where all the happiness is," said the Mocking Bird.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

are still in working order, and these would most certainly be used to keep rescue parties in touch with the ambulance rooms and others connected with rescue work.

Inside the explosion area, even if a phone were in working order, it is doubtful whether anyone would be in a fit state to put over a coherent message, as "after damp," which follows an explosion, even if it does not kill, certainly exhausts survivors and makes even telephoning impossible. — CECIL JOHNS, J. Block, The Hostels, Doncaster Road, Woodlands, near Doncaster.

City Treats

I SEE IN FREE SPEECH (September 20), that Bristol claims a record for her eighteen streets named after food and drink. May I suggest that this claim, compared with Leeds' sumptuous banquet provided by forty such streets, is like "rations for one."

Here is the Leeds list: Apple Street, Cherry Row, Cranberry Street, Grape Street, Lemon Street, Mulberry Street, Orange Street, Orchard Road, Peach Street, Pear Street, Plum Street, Strawberry Road, Vine Street, Water Lane, Dairy Street, Milk Street, Brewery Street, Leek Street, Bean Street, Cabbage Hill, Garlic Yard, Mint, Pea Street, Mushroom Street, Tongue Lane, Fish Street, Lamb Hill, Woodcock Street, Hares Road, Pheasant Street, Turkey Street, Chestnut Avenue, Pickles Street, Pepper Lane, Sugarwell Hill, Barley Row, Bread Street, Cornhill, Malt Row, Wheat Street.—E. E. BROWN, 339 Easterley Road, Leeds, 8.

Crockery, Please, not Junk

WHY IS IT that in these trying times the shops are filled with so many useless articles? I went into four stores to try and buy myself a teapot but was unlucky.

Yet there are plenty of articles one has no use for — such as an abundance of plastic odds and ends. A few cups and saucers and teapots are more in demand than this rubbish.—MRS. PEACOCK, Montrose, 162 Underhill Road, Dulwich, S.E.22.

What About Grandma?

MAY I REPLY to the reader who doesn't think "we have room in this country for people or pets who don't earn their keep." (JOHN BULL, Sept. 20.)

My grandmother hasn't earned her keep for twenty years and my cocker spaniel never has, but both give more pleasure to many people than do a lot of entertainers.

My dog is fed on horseflesh for which I queue for approximately an hour each week. The animal-lovers in this queue are kindly and friendly people, ready to help each other by "standing in" for their frailer companions or minding each other's pets for holidays.

Not so the meat queue, which hurled abuse at a friend, an expectant mother, who showed her queue priority one hot day!—MRS. J. B., Warwick. (Name and address enclosed.)

Miss Borgia, 1947

WE NEVER SEE our landlady but send our rent to her through the post, so imagine how honoured we felt recently when we received a note from her inviting my wife and me to tea.

When we arrived she told us she was going to sell the house, and did we think we could find another flat. She added that as we had been good tenants she didn't want to throw us out, but she *did* hope we'd go. . . . The landlady lives alone in a large house and does not want our flat herself.

She could have sold the house without even mentioning it to us if that happened to be all she wanted. But she preferred to offer the house "with part vacant possession" and so get a bigger price, profiting by our misery.

Lucrezia Borgia was no more heartless than this wealthy old hypocrite who offered us worse than poison with her cup of tea.—"BORGIA'S VICTIM," Kensington, London, W. (Name and address enclosed.)

This is the Life!

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from a most enjoyable fortnight at a Government War Agricultural Camp in Rutland, and I would heartily recommend these camps to everyone.

Apart from seeing the more picturesque side of Britain, the camp atmosphere is friendly and sociable, entertainments are provided, new friends are made and, above all, one is helping the country in her hour of need.—HARRY TAYLOR, 36 Golborne Street, Warrington, Lancs.

Nurses Before Chars

THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR has for a long while been encouraging girls to consider nursing as a career.

Owing to staff shortage many hospitals are advertising for part-time trained nurses at the rate of 2s. 6d. per hour.

Surely it is rather unfair that the qualified nurse, after years of hard work and study, should receive the same remuneration as a charwoman whose only qualification is energy.—S. R. N., Glasgow. (Name and address enclosed.)

Sold Again, Satan

IN THESE DAYS when children seem to know more about film stars than the Ten Commandments it is refreshing to meet a youngster with a definite sense of right and wrong.

A small girl staying with me crept into the dining-room not noticing that I was sitting in a deep easy chair. She went to the sideboard, took a large rosy apple from the dish and walked to the door. Suddenly she paused, then retraced her steps, and carefully putting the apple back, said in a loud voice, "Sold again, Satan!"—MRS. E. W., Worthing. (Name and address enclosed.)

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address of the sender must be given (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

MADELEINE MAYS is still too young to feel nostalgia for days departed, but this week's cover, "Girl in a Puddle," drawn by her father, Douglas L. Mays, takes her back fourteen years to the days when she was a very, very little girl. It was at a particular bend in the lane, one wet morning, that she turned solemnly to her father and said: "This is where my favourite puddle is." Daddy Mays likes to think of himself as a tough cynic, but he wasn't tough enough to resist painting his memories, fourteen years later.

JOHN BULL

QUIZ

ANALOGIES

(1) The Seine is to Paris what the Spree is to where? (2) Laurel is to Hardy what Abbott is to whom? (3) The white rose was to the House of York what the red rose was to the House of what? (4) Tennis is to love what soccer is to what? (5) Tom Sawyer is to Mark Twain what Nicholas Nickleby is to whom?

ANGLING

(1) Primitive fishermen used gorges instead of hooks; what were these? (2) What is the most famous book on angling? (3) What is the name of the large, voracious freshwater fish with sharp teeth, esteemed by anglers for its fighting qualities? (4) The Keeper of the Cormorant was the King's official angler—why the cormorant? (5) How does the angler fish attract its victims?

ABC

(1) Which three letters occur most often in normal English? (2) Before which vowels is a "c" normally hard? (3) What is it called when two vowels unite to form one syllable? (4) Why do we say that a good thing is A1? (5) What letter used to be called *izzard*?

CANADA

(1) Are Alaska and Newfoundland part of Canada? (2) What famous soldier is Governor-General of Canada? (3) Canada's Upper House is the Senate. What is the Lower House called? (4) To whom did Canada belong before it became British? (5) Which company had a monopoly of trade with the Indians over most of British North America?

BALL GAMES

(1) Of what game is "softball," as played in the Services, a variation? (2) What is the name of the small white ball in bowls? (3) When another ball is in the path of the ball to be played in golf, what is the position called? (4) Have "aces" and "deuces" in tennis any relationship? (5) Are racquets, squash, and squash racquets the same or different games?

(*Answers on page 18*)

JOHN BULL October 11 1947

A candle for St. Christopher

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

Maria loved deeply, and hated as deeply. And love and hatred are both close kin to cruelty

IF YOU ARE A BRITISHER and happen to turn up in Malta—and surely you would not be so ill-mannered as to pass through the Mediterranean without paying a call on the friends who did so much to save your life?—you should go up some time or other to the ancient capital city of Rabat.

The distance from Valetta, where you are almost certain to land when you arrive in the island, is about eight miles, and in those eight miles you can travel back into the past a thousand years . . . two thousand years. . . . You will find yourself in a land where the orange trees are gnarled and twisted with countless years of growth; where the white, single-storeyed hovels with dogs yelping on their flat roofs have remained unchanged throughout centuries; where the goatherd whom you will certainly meet on the dusty white road is an Old Testament figure, fierce-bearded, hawk-nosed, proud and barbarous.

And when you have reached Rabat, when you have admired the strange, quiet beauty of the town and the fine view from the escarpment, you must by no means neglect to call on Maria Biretta, for you will be likely to remember Maria long after many wonders have faded from your memory.

There will be no need for you to knock at Maria's door, for you will find her sitting outside in the sunshine, her capable fingers busy creating that exquisite lace which is your ostensible reason for going to see her. And as a matter of fact the lace is in itself good enough reason for going, for as you know the lace of Malta is celebrated for its quality and beauty, and even in Rabat, which is the centre of the island art, there is no work to be found of a more delicate fineness than that of Maria Biretta.

MARIA will invite you to follow her through the doorway, before which she has been sitting, into the cool, quiet, secret little house, where she will show you her work.

You will inspect and admire, but before any transaction can be completed, any purchase made, she will leave you briefly, to return with a bottle and two glasses upon a little silver tray. You will then sip an excellent cognac while you utter your last words of admiration for her work, and decide upon your choice of the lace.

And when you finally come to pay for your purchases, their very moderate price and a last savour of the cognac will cause you to wonder why Maria should take such obvious pleasure and pains over the transaction, which cannot possibly be for her anything but unprofitable. But should you be subtle enough to be able to ask her the reason why without causing offence she will merely reply:

"I greatly love the British."

You will probably consider this hardly a sufficient explanation, but since it is almost certain to be all you will get you will have to be content. Maria greatly loves the British, and she treats them all, if they come to see her, in exactly the same way as she has treated you.

But no—not quite all. If you belong to a certain group of Britishers she will treat you differently. Then she will insist that you have two cognacs instead of

From the shadows the Englishman would watch Paolo and Guiseppa

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

one, perhaps even more than two, and it is very unlikely that you will be able to pay for anything you "buy." And if you belong to this group it may be possible to persuade her into a little more adequate explanation of her conduct than that bare "I greatly love the British."

The only qualification you need to belong to this privileged group is that your first name be Christopher.

I am writing this sitting far up in the bows of the little red-funnelled steamer which crosses daily from Valetta to Palermo. Under the bright sunshine the deck is crowded with Maltese and Sicilians and their possessions, with men, women, a multitude of children and a clamorous, odoriferous, restless company of goats. Goats more than anything else will remind you of Malta once you have been there. You cannot move far in Malta without meeting a goat.

I heard the silver tinkle of their bells yesterday evening while I was in Maria Biretta's little shop. I asked her about them, and she told me that in Rabat the sellers of milk still regarded their goats as so many animated milk-churns to be driven from house to house and relieved of the required amount upon the customer's doorstep and directly into his own jug.

Maria remarked that for some time the practice had been declared illegal, but . . . ? She shrugged her frail shoulders expressively. The law made yesterday did not easily abrogate a centuries-old custom.

I remember laughing then, and asking her if she could send home by mail the lace I had just bought. It seemed pointless and inconvenient to carry it half round the world with me.

"Certainly I will send it," she said.

"Thank you," I replied. "Send it, if you will, to Christopher Ackersley, Green Hedges Cottage, Mayfield, Sussex, England."

MARIA seemed to look at me a little oddly, but I imagined that she merely desired me to repeat the address. I did so, and she wrote it down carefully. Then:

"Will you take another little cognac?" she asked. "The evening has only just come on. The heat of the day is not entirely past. And, if it would not be wearisome to you, you would comfort a lonely old lady with your company. Then in the cool of the evening you can go down again to Valetta."

I hesitated barely a moment, for little chance meetings of that kind have always been very much to my taste. They seem to me to be the essence of travel.

"You are very kind," I said.

"It is not kind to give oneself pleasure," she replied. "Let us sit together on the balcony and look out across the plain to the yellow roofs of Valetta and the white walls of Floriana on the hill above. The sun shines beautifully on Floriana at this time of the day."

She rose, and led the way through the house to the little balcony at the rear. Thence, from that elegant little platform with the wrought-iron balustrade and the bright edge of geraniums, we looked out over the escarpment promenade and across the island now lying all white and mellow gold in the late sunlight to the deep, serene blue of the encircling sea.

She motioned me to a huge wicker chair and took a similar one herself. Then we sat for a little while in silence, a silence which was part of the dreaming peace of the little town.

In spite of the magnificent view from the escarpment the promenade was quite deserted save where, almost immediately below us, a young man in a white shirt and black trousers and a young woman in a pale mauve dress were resting on one of the public seats while a child some two or three years old played about their feet.

OBLIVIOUS to the wider prospect, Maria's interest seemed to be centred on the little group below, and I, too, watched them idly. Their laughter came up to us. Every now and then the child left its playing to stagger to the bench, where the young woman caught it up with tender playfulness.

"They are happy?" Maria had observed me watching them. She spoke smilingly, but there was a strange urgency in her voice.

"They seem to be—very," I said.

Her smile deepened. It was a curious smile, loving, but at the same time—formidable.

It sounds absurd, but at that moment Maria suddenly appeared to me as a woman I would not like to cross.

She pointed down to the bench.

"That," she said, "is my son and his wife and their child, who is my grandchild—a Biretta."

"Indeed?" I said politely. "You must be very proud of them."

"Yes," she said quietly. "I am very proud."

We fell silent again. I transferred my attention from the group on the seat to the panorama spread before us. The scene was one of immemorial peace. It was very difficult to realize that only a short time before Spitfire and Messerschmitt had daily woven their patterns of death in that blue sky, that over Valetta basking quietly below us there had daily hung the stone-coloured dust clouds hurled heavenwards by the savage and unremitting assaults of the enemy.

The scene was an object lesson in itself, vivid and enduring testimony to the fact that man, for all his sound and fury, is but the weak tyrant of a moment, roaring and threatening for an instant of time, and then gone to dust.

And what memories, I thought, must this woman have—this woman who is sitting beside me now as serene as this little world of the past itself?

As serene? Yes—and as uncompromising. I found my curiosity about her growing. I wanted to know what lay beneath that gentle, dignified exterior.

"You must have had an excellent view of the war from here," I suggested.

"Yes"—she spoke gravely—"I did indeed see much. The planes would fly low over Rabat, roaring and fighting. I saw them fight, and fall. I saw also many ships enter and leave Grand Harbour there below us in Valetta. Many that left did not return, and some that entered did not leave. But one ship I watched above all others—until it was destroyed."

She paused, her lips moving silently. Then she said, "If you will not find it tedious, I will tell you a story—because your name is Christopher."

Intrigued, I was able to protest very convincingly that I would not find it in the least tedious. I urged her to begin. But first she insisted on giving me another cognac. Then, sitting down again in her chair, and looking out across that land of the past with eyes blind to all but that little past which was the story of her own life, she began to speak like one reciting a long-familiar tale:

"I AM the mother of an only child—my son Paolo whom you see there below us," she said. "To have but one child is unusual in this island, where families are large. But it was appointed that I should only be blessed with one, for my husband died young of the island fever, which, although it is a rare thing now, was not so long ago a very terrible scourge. Thus Paolo and I were early left alone together.

"But we were content. It was my life to care and pray for him, and I was well rewarded. He was a good son. He grew strong and merry, as do the best of our young men here. He was the whole joy of this house. In due time he became a wood-carver, as his father had been before him, and showed great skill.

"He was fully eighteen before our happiness began to suffer hurt. Until that time he was wholly of this house, but at that age he desired for the first time the girl Guiseppa Chercuti, who is the youngest daughter of Zarb Chercuti, my neighbour. Paolo had seen Guiseppa daily from the time of his earliest childhood, but it was not until his nineteenth year that he began to desire her.

"And that was the beginning of much sorrow, because for years without number there has been great enmity between the houses of Biretta and Chercuti.

"So trouble began to desolate this house, where before there had always been peace and love, for now the son was turned against his mother, and life was sad and bitter. And as the son and his mother grew apart, so he and the daughter of his enemy drew ever closer together. At that time—at that time there were many secrets between Paolo and Guiseppa Chercuti, secrets which were brought into this house and were very hard to bear.

"And as time passed Paolo scoffed ever more openly at the old hate by which our two houses lived, and every day he became more passionate in his desire for the daughter of his enemy, and with that passion came great bitterness.

"To see my son grow bitter was a great sorrow to me, nor was it possible to tell what the end of that misery would be.

"Then war came to the island, taking many lives and changing all. And immediately Paolo wished to be of service to the British, so that he became a servant in a British ship.

"There was heavy anxiety then for me when he was gone from home, and whenever the ship returned he came with all haste to spend his time with—Guiseppa Chercuti."

Here Maria's voice trembled a little. It was the only time those calm tones faltered during her story.

"So that my son was gone from me," she continued, controlling that slight tremor, "not only when he was in the British ship but here also in the very town, the very house of his birth.

"It was an evil time. I had but one comfort—the companionship of Cetta Adami, who was the child of a well-loved house, and as a daughter to me. And indeed her trouble was as great as mine, for she had loved Paolo since she first became a woman, although he had never vouchsafed her so much as one glance.

"Very often Cetta and I prayed together for an end to our wretchedness, and whether our prayers were or were not heard it would be presumptuous to say, but it is true that when the war had been in progress for one year a new suitor was sent to Guiseppa Chercuti.

"This suitor was a young man named Christopher. He was an Englishman, a member of the British Air Force. His duty lay in a house here in Rabat, and very soon he saw Guiseppa Chercuti and was enslaved by her beauty. From that day onward he was constantly to be seen in this neighbourhood.

"His suit was hopeless from the first, for the truth is that Guiseppa's heart was given to Paolo, even as his was to her. But love, though it is boon companion

Continued on page 21

How Expert Were You?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

ANALOGIES. (1) Berlin. (2) Costello. (3) Lancaster. (4) Nil. (5) Charles Dickens.

ANGLING. (1) Long thin pieces of stone with the line fixed to the middle. When swallowed, pulling made them stick into the fish. (2) *The Compleat Angler* by Izaak Walton. (3) The pike. (4) The cormorant was trained to catch fish. The sport was popular in England in the seventeenth century. (5) By means of long filaments attached to its head and mouth, like fishing lines.

A B C. (1) E, T, and A, in that order of frequency. (2) Before a, o and u. (3) Diphthong. (4) Originally "A1 at Lloyd's"; which signified a first-class ship. (5) Z.

CANADA. (1) No; Alaska belongs to the U.S.A. and Newfoundland is a separate Dominion. (2) Viscount Alexander of Tunis. (3) The House of Commons. (4) France. (5) The Hudson's Bay Company.

BALL GAMES. (1) Baseball. (2) The jack. (3) A stymie. (4) No. An ace is a service that beats one's opponent; deuce is the term used when the score is 40-40. (5) Squash and squash racquets are the same; racquets is a different game, played on a larger court with a harder ball.

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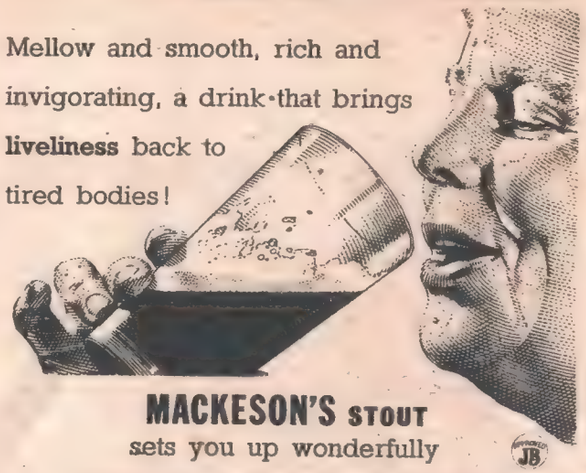

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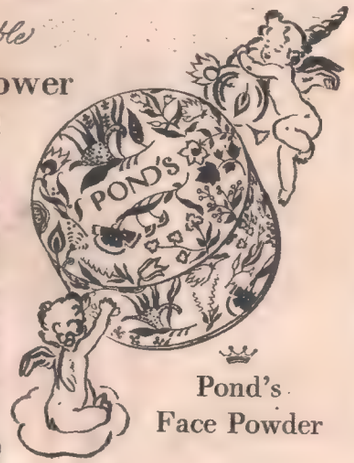

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T21

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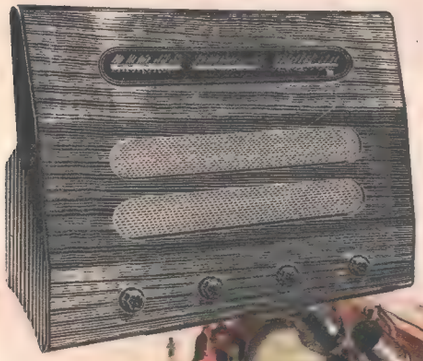

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Continued from page 18

to both hope and despair, yet takes no heed of either. Suffice it to say that the young man named Christopher only grew day by day in desire for Guiseppa Chercuti.

"And you will understand that this Christopher was greatly troubled when Paolo came here from his ship to walk out with Guiseppa at evening into the high clover. Very greatly troubled he was, filled with the sour darkness of jealousy.

"Then, one evening when Paolo had stolen here unlawfully to his love—unlawfully because the men of his ship had been ordered not to go farther abroad than Valetta—the inspector of police came here to this house. The inspector of police had heard that all men of Paolo's ship were to return to it immediately, and having seen Paolo pass earlier he had come to tell him of it.

"But it is unnecessary to say that Paolo was not here, that he was with Guiseppa. But where, I knew not. Yet I knew well enough that one man knew, for very often I had seen Christopher move from the shade opposite this house to follow Paolo and Guiseppa as they went out from the town.

"I went to the house where Christopher served, and by the grace of God I found him there, for he was not free to leave it that evening. I watched his eyes shine as I told him why I had come. And then he told me that he knew where Paolo would be.

He went immediately and asked for permission to assist Paolo to return to his ship. It was granted. He asked permission to use a British car to take Paolo back to Valetta. That was granted also. And, to speak briefly, Christopher found Paolo and took him in the car to Valetta so that he went aboard his ship only a few minutes before it sailed.

"I did not see it sail, for it was at night, but I watched the next day for its return, and the next. It did not come. But then on the next day it came, alone across the calm blue water with a great V wrinkling the surface behind it. I knew it was Paolo's ship, for he had taught me how to tell it from the others. And as I watched it I was filled with joy.

"Then that joy was suddenly overwhelmed by anguish, for even as the ship drew near to Grand Harbour I saw the planes of the enemy swarming above and great white columns of water springing up all round it. And one column, which was not white but black with smoke and red with fire came from the ship itself."

Though Maria paused here her voice was still quite calm, as indeed I thought it might well be, for the little group on the seat below us was proof that her story must have a happy ending. Under the circumstances I felt able to ask:

"And so the ship was sunk?"

Maria was silent a moment longer. Then she said:

"Yes. The ship was sunk, and Paolo was in hospital three months in Valetta. And when he came back here he was very changed. When he came back he had no eyes for Guiseppa. Instead he listened to my words and took to wife Cetta Adami, whom you see there with him below us, together with their child, my grandchild. We are very content."

And that was the end of Maria's story. Again I looked down at the little group on the seat. They were preparing to leave. I wondered idly what words they were to which Paolo had listened, what arguments could have persuaded him to renounce his love.

Then the air seemed to grow suddenly chill. I shivered slightly. There on the escarpment below, Cetta, with patient love, was leading her husband towards the house.

Paolo had no eyes for Guiseppa. . . .

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL, dated November 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Proud People
To Help Europe
Uno's Lifeboat
We Need Dollars, But
Headmaster Attlee
Orders
In Spite Of Austerity
Life Tomorrow
Happy Pair
Officialdom's Octopus
Celebrated
Through The Years
Too Often
What She Wants
Heavenly Home
It's Dad's Birthday, So
Seen Through
Black And Blue
At Our Village Cinema

Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions.

Man Must..... And
Fireworks In The .....
Eating .....
Made..... Wince
The More We.....
Tied To The .....

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but the new form saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues

1. Greens have to be prepared before
6. Dates shouldn't do this so much as formerly, in history exams
7. Nippers may turn out to be
12. History teaches that many a rebel has been put in
13. These require readjustment from time to time
14. These are sometimes shelved

Down Clues

1. Reserve at this is apt to prove rather inadequate
2. Cold, wet summer day means this for many an ice-cream vendor
3. Possession of this is very useful to many a musician
4. Loss of this can be very serious matter to youngster
5. Worse than useless if can't be made to work
8. He who repents sometimes experiences such feelings later
9. Not always true that money is made by
10. You avoid a threadbare one if you can
11. Heavy shower of rain is hardly likely to affect these

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FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Radio: J. Thomas, 10 Marldon Road, Muirhead Avenue East, Liverpool, 12:

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XWORD No. 548

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K	E	A	S		O									
				7	R	A	8B	S						
	9		10		T				11					
12	O	W	E	R		S	T	Y	E					
	N		S	O			T	O	E					
13	E	A	T	S		H	E	R	D					
	Y	552	14S		O	R	E	S						

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

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as I was saying.... by Herbert Hodge

IT'S NICE TO BE ESSENTIAL

Most of us like to feel our work is useful. Direction of labour is all right, provided it applies to everyone—with no exemptions

MOST OF US SEEM to be taking the Government's decision to direct labour pretty much for granted—in spite of the general dislike of the idea when it was first suggested.

Some of us are consoling ourselves with the hope that it's only for a few months, just to help us over the crisis. But, in my opinion, if we're going to make any progress at all, we shall need Government direction of labour—or, at least, some kind of Government guidance—for a long time to come.

I, for one, am very pleased. I don't think it's a step backward. I think it's a step forward—toward a more truly democratic society.

I look at it this way. A certain amount of work has to be done to supply the whole community with food, clothing and shelter. It's only right, therefore, that every member of the community should do his or her fair share of that work.

And Government direction, or guidance, wisely administered, will help us to make sure that everybody does do a fair share.

The success or failure of the present scheme, it seems to me, will depend almost entirely on the spirit in which the official in charge at each Labour Exchange handles his local clients.

If he's interested in human beings, if he's keen on fitting the right people into the right jobs, and takes a pleasure in fitting, so far as he can, the talents of the individual worker into the service of the whole community—then he's going to make a success of it.

But if he's merely "a paper organizer," treating the available workers as so many bodies, to be dumped in large lumps at this factory or that, according to the demand for "hands"—then the scheme's doomed from the start.

A good many people seem to imagine that all Government direction is bound to be of the "large lumps" kind, with regimentation everywhere, and the individual nowhere.

I don't agree. The Labour Exchange officials had plenty of experience in directing labour during the war. And they did a pretty good job.

I Got a Fairer Deal

In my own district, I think they did a magnificent job. I was one of those who came under the Essential Work Order—and, being me, I had, of course, several disputes with the firm I worked for. But, thanks to the National Service Officer, the Appeals Committee and the rest of the Ministry of Labour set-up, I reckon I got a much fairer deal under the Essential Work Order than ever I should have got from the same firm under the "free" conditions of prewar days.

You may say that in peacetime I could have walked out if I didn't like the way the firm treated me; whereas, under the Essential Work Order, I couldn't. But I don't think that's a sound argument. In *normal* peacetime conditions the fear of unemployment (especially as I was a married man) would have bound me to that job more firmly than a dozen Essential Work Orders—no matter how badly I felt I was being treated.

For the last two years, we've been living in an artificial paradise, so far as getting jobs is concerned. Thousands of workers have been able to flit from job to job at their slightest whim. It was very nice while it lasted, but it obviously can't last any longer.

We've either got to agree to some form of organized working, or else let unemployment and starvation pick up the whip again.

And if I've got to choose between the kind of Government direction I experienced under the Essential Work Order, and the iniquitous conditions which were sometimes forced upon me in the old "free" days by the fear of unemployment, then I much prefer Government direction.

Besides, although we may not admit it, many of us rather like a bit of direction, especially at a time of national crisis.

Raised Their Eyebrows

Most of us possess a social conscience. Most of us like to feel we are doing a job which is essential to the life of the community. The basic productive jobs, however, are apt to be the hardest and the lowest paid. A man or woman who deliberately chooses that kind of job, therefore, is liable to be looked down upon by superior friends and relations. So everybody's inclined to hang back.

I haven't forgotten the raised eyebrows of some of my own acquaintances when I did something like that during the war—and thereby reduced my earnings from around fifteen pounds a week to less than five. "Whatever *for?*" they said. "I wish *I* could afford the luxury!" It's all a little bit difficult to take. You can't help feeling a bit of a fool—at least, while you're in their company.

But once the Government starts taking action on the matter, and gives the whole nation a definite lead, that feeling is removed. You can tell superior friends and relations, if you have to, that you've been directed. You can grumble about it in public, and enjoy a deep sense of satisfaction in private.

Don't tell me I'm looking only at the rosy side. I know the physical hardships involved. I've tried them. And, having tried them, I know that physical hardship plus a contented conscience can be heaven, whereas physical comfort with an unhappy conscience is hell.

You may call that a platitude, but it remains a profound psychological truth. It's one of the reasons why so many people volunteer for dangerous jobs in wartime. It *could* be—if our leaders have the gumption to encourage it—the urge that will move thousands of willing workers towards the toughest jobs of peace.

My main fear about the present scheme is that it may fail through the Government's merely dabbling with it. Why, for instance, exempt "administrative and professional" workers? Why exempt anybody?

It seems to me that's all wrong. The Government must tackle the difficult problem of directing the brain-worker, as well as the comparatively easy one of directing the manual worker. To make an exemption of any group is to make all the others feel they are being unfairly treated—and to create another set of class-privileges and class-jealousies.

Direction is either right for everybody, or it's right for nobody. The Government must make up its mind to go the whole hog.

If we're all to have our fair share of rations, we must all be called upon to prove that we are doing our fair share of the work.

Every week Herbert Hodge deals with the problems of the man in the street

Continued from page 10

kept at it, half a dozen on either side of the ladder, now this side, now that gaining a foot. There wasn't much room for manoeuvring in the garden and presently both remaining upstairs windows went, a piece of gutter pipe was knocked off, and Harry Jones was stunned by the ladder butt when he fell over.

Once or twice I looked up at Sally's window, and I saw the back view of her coat, and a foot groping idly for a ladder. Lancelot, of course, had been shaken off, and was clinging to a ledge, shouting "Sally, go back. Go back."

Suddenly Lancelot let go his grip. He dropped and his feet landed on the lower window sill; then he seemed to spring off backwards. He fell flat on his back on the centre flower bed and lay quite still.

The struggle ended, and silence fell. We all thought that Lancelot was either unconscious or dead, for he made no move. It was the sort of end anyone should have expected, for we had all gone crazy without thinking of consequences. Now, the reaction set in.

"My Gawd, don't let Sally know," said Pa Dillon huskily. "It was an accident. I didn't even see it happen."

As he finished speaking Lancelot sat up suddenly to the surprise of us all, and in a quite normal tone asked what the time was. The time was something we had all stopped thinking about, but being reminded of it, Pa Dillon gave an exultant shout: "The train's gone. It should be at the level crossing by now."

He turned to the road, climbed on to the railing and pointed. "There it goes."

Lancelot joined him, stared at the red glow from the smoke stack and heard the whistle as the train passed the level crossing.

"And there goes the Honeymoon Express," smirked Pa Dillon.

"There goes the bride," said Lancelot, "and good luck to the happy pair!"

"Happy pair! What are you talking about?" asked Pa Dillon. "You're here, and Sally's up in that room."

But Lancelot, instead of explaining, pointed to Ned's taxi which came down the lane with hooter tooting; and it was Ned who spoke next, as he pulled up with a slither of tyres.

"O.K., Mr. Horris. They caught the train," he yelled, and then gave a special message to Pa Dillon. "The next time you see your daughter, she'll be Mrs. Tom Pasing. And here's a little farewell note from her."

PA DILLON read the note; and everyone got as near as he could to hear what had happened. "It's true, all right. She's eloped with Tom," he said huskily.

"What I don't quite see," said the reporter, "is how this Dillon girl got away at all, considering that she stepped on to the ladder after the taxi had gone, and just before Lancelot fell."

"That wasn't Sally," young Jenkins told him. "It was another girl dressed in her coat. She had her back to us and, in the excitement, no one looked really closely."

"It's a pity they've married in a register office," said the reporter wistfully. "I could have worked in a joke about the bride's train."

"You can say it was as good as a play," said young Jenkins, "because I've learned since that they rehearsed all the speeches—at least Sally and Lancelot did—and they got up a programme with Miss Gummitt and others as sundry villagers, and Pa Dillon as the irate parent. Considering his role was all gagging and unrehearsed, he put up a good show."

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▸▸ ***Dependants who may claim compensation under the Workman's Compensation Act are widows; and children under the age of fifteen.***

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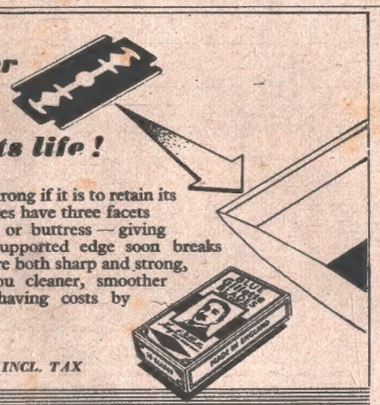

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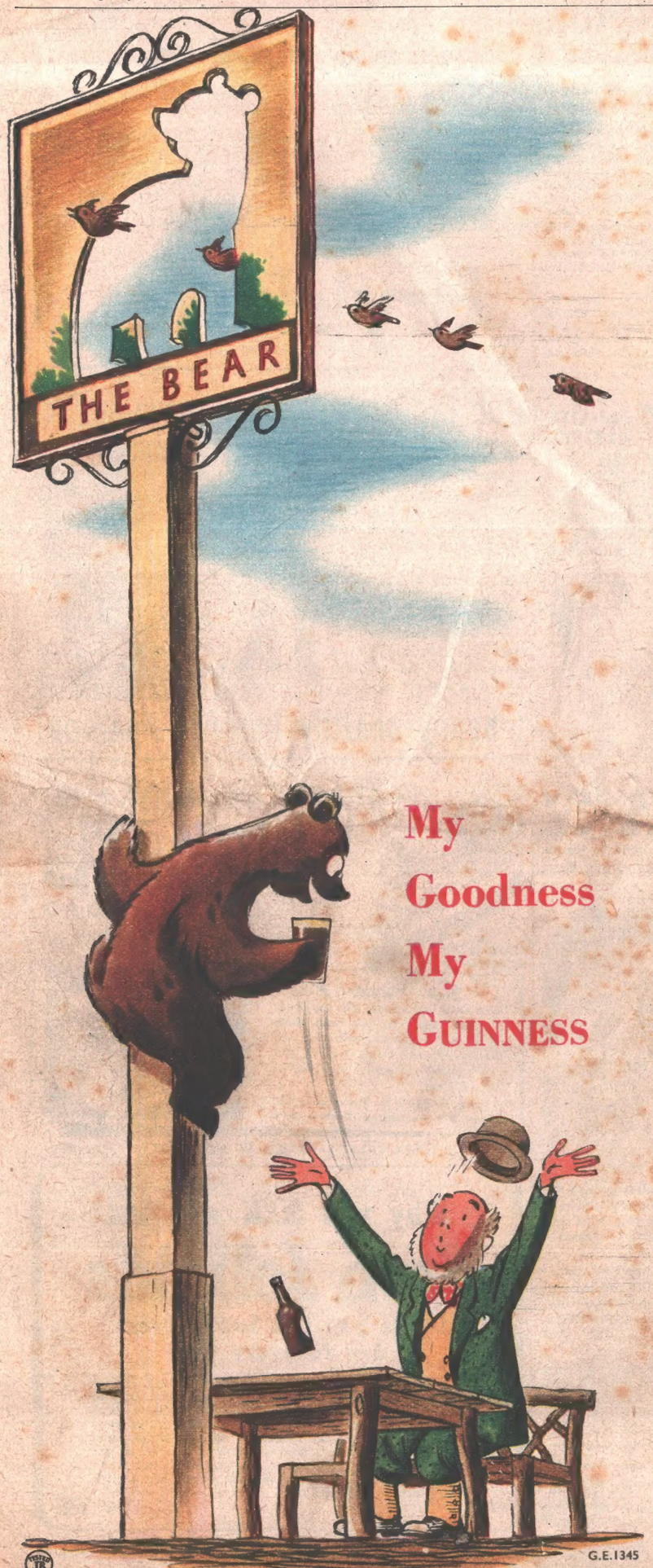

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